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New York

THE WORLD'S ONE THOUSAND BEST POEMS

VOLUME ONE

ADAMS-BERANGER

Jasmine Pointe

THE WORLD'S ONE THOUSAND BEST POEMS

(IN TEN VOLUMES)

BERTON BRALEY
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

VOLUME ONE

ADAMS-BERANGER

(*Complete Index—Volume Ten*)

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INTRODUCTION

Poetry is for the crowd. If it isn't for the crowd it isn't poetry. And the crowd is all of us—high, middle, and low brow.

Like every other general statement, that needs explanation and elaboration, the better to establish its truth. For it *is* true, generations of critics and intellectual snobs to the contrary notwithstanding.

I don't assert that poetry must be actually popular to be poetry. Nor that verse which *is* popular is thereby proved to be poetry. But I do hereby stoutly declare that unless a poet's work has in it a certain fundamental emotional appeal, unless it can strike a chord in the average human being's soul—it is emphatically *not* poetry.

There are doubtless hundreds of real poems, perhaps even great poems, that "The Crowd" doesn't know. Which doesn't invalidate my opening statement in the slightest. Remember that poetry is perhaps the earliest form of literary expression. Man is a rhythmic animal and he began crooning, singing, and chanting sounds before he created words. A baby does it now.

Remember that poetry as a written expression of emotion or of action goes back to the beginnings of history. Remember that there is, therefore, an

enormous bulk of folk song, of tribal and of epic poetry that antedates the novel and the short story by thousands of years, and that precedes even the drama—the next oldest form of literature.

Remember, further, that up to the time of Richardson—scarcely two centuries ago—poetry was still the general form in which literature was written.

It would be amazing if, among this vast mass of poetical expression, some hundreds of beautiful poems did not escape recognition and appreciation by The Crowd.

The test is not whether The Crowd knows poetry, but whether the poems it knows or does not know have qualities that can touch, warm or thrill the crowd-heart.

I don't mean that poetry must be such that the average man or woman can completely understand all its artistry, all its color, all its melody, and all its implications. I do mean that if a poem cannot convey *some* of these to the average consciousness, it isn't poetry at all.

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch in his brilliant lectures on literature to his Cambridge students remarked that there are two basic factors in writing, Expression and Impression. Expression is the pouring forth of the author's ideas from his own mind. Impression—a much harder job—is getting those ideas into such form that those who read will understand what the author is trying to express.

Without readers, says Sir Arthur, an author is not an author. And to express yourself without the thought of your readers in mind, to set down your thoughts in a form which your readers cannot un-

derstand, is to fall down not only partially, but completely in your art.

To my mind there has been, particularly in poetry during the past few years, altogether too much insistence on *ex*pression and not enough on *im*pression. Imagists, Centrists, Futurists, Vorticists, Cubists, Fantasists *ad nauseam* have "expressed themselves" in cryptic nonsense—and then railed at the great mass of mankind for not knowing whether to read up or down, and finding nothing in it either way. Which is about as logical as writing in Sanskrit and blaming Penrod Schofield for not getting your esoteric meanings.

A poet needn't *write down*. Nobody has successfully done that for any great length of time. The Crowd is keen enough always to detect and resent, in the long run, anything but an author's best. It may accept, and it does, a lot of bad work—but it's the best work of bad authors, not the worst work of good ones.

I believe The Crowd is a great deal saner and wiser than the "Intelligentsia" give it credit for, and often a great deal saner and wiser than the "Intelligentsia" itself. The chief difference is that when the crowd is wrong there are so many more people concerned.

I'm not belittling education and culture. As a rule the more people know the better they are. But I *am* maintaining that there is a good deal of knowledge and understanding aside from formal education, and indeterminable by psychological tests, which the crowd mind possesses, and to which any poet worth his salt may safely appeal with his best. Some of his best may be "over their heads," but if he

really has anything worth saying the crowd will listen to him.

It wasn't "The Crowd" but the literati that savagely bit and clawed at Keats. It wasn't The Crowd but the literati, again, that snarled loudest at Poe. If Milton was poor it wasn't because The Crowd scorned him, but because his publishers underpaid him.

Homer was a peripatetic minstrel who sang by the cross roads; Villon's songs were addressed to princes and kings but sung to the ordinary folk; Shakespeare was a popular showman who knew how to sell poetry to the people of his day—poetry which is a part of common speech now; songs that we sing to-day more enthusiastically than they sang them then.

Poetry is for The Crowd. The belief that it is only for a select circle of the intellectuals has robbed the crowd of much enjoyment in many poets whose work they were told was not for them. And many a poet, whose poems might well have been best-sellers, has had to sing to a limited audience because critics have scared the populace away by talk of his being too good for human nature's daily food. Most of us are not anxious to pore over a poem that is rather work than pleasure to read; most of us will not try it. But after all, aren't we justified in wanting our literature to be a recreation and not a school exercise?

"Recreation" doesn't necessarily connote Pollyanna cheer. We can all find stimulation in poetry of tragedy or of sorrow as well as in that of comedy and hope. But we just naturally shy away from those things which we think will be labor to read

rather than pleasure. This is one of the reasons, for example, that Browning has always been regarded as a High-brow poet. When, as a matter of fact, nine-tenths of his work—for all its brilliant erudition—is swift, dramatic, colorful; crammed with romance, sparkling with wit, and phrased with gorgeous lyric skill. It's for everybody, erudite or not—and for that reason there is a lot of Browning in this book.

Poetry is for The Crowd, and that is the basis on which this anthology has been built. What has been written in this introduction so far, and what further I may write, is by way of explanation and not of apology. I do apologize for some of the material left out because of limitations of space, and because of human fallibility. But what is printed in this book is printed because I believe it belongs in a book of poetry for People in General—for all of us.

I have tried to make this collection inclusive rather than exclusive.

So far as possible I have gathered together what seem to me the classics that everybody should know —and which most people do know; and I have also tried to collect within these covers a generous representation of the popular verse which, because of its vitality and emotional appeal, has become classic. For, after all, a classic is merely a piece of literature which endures beyond the moment: and a poem, scorned by critics, which lives for generations in people's hearts is itself a classic.

So you will, I hope, find in this anthology much that is familiar and much that you'll want to find

familiar; many poems you've been quoting all your life, and many that you've run across once, loved—and lost.

In addition to regular sources for material I have ransacked hundreds of old song-books, books of old border ballads, collections of sea-songs and chanteys; books of student songs, drinking songs; hymn-books, and even school-reciters—all in the endeavor to make this book broadly inclusive of the poems that have touched, warmed and thrilled the imaginations of men and women yesterday and to-day. The salt of humor is here in, I think, sufficient quantity to season the whole, and there is a generous representation of contemporary poets. There is at least a score more of modern poets whom I should have liked to include, but contracts or copyright restrictions made this impossible.

To all the poets who have permitted their work to appear here the editor gives his thanks. Also, to the publishers and representatives of authors who have given similar permission.

To recapitulate; while this is designed as a popular anthology, it contains many poems which might not thus be regarded. But it is the editor's belief that they have the qualities to be popular once they are so presented. Not the "*Poems you OUGHT to know*"—as though it were a stern duty; but the "Poems You'll be GLAD to Know If You Don't Already."

Poetry is for everybody. So, I hope, is this book.

BERTON BRALEY

New York.

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THE WORLD'S ONE THOUSAND BEST POEMS

VOLUME ONE

F. P. ADAMS
1881—

THE RICH MAN

THE rich man has his motor-car,
His country and his town estate.
He smokes a fifty-cent cigar
And jeers at Fate.

He frivols through the livelong day,
He knows not Poverty her pinch.
His lot seems light, his heart seems gay,
He has a cinch.

Yet though my lamp burns low and dim,
Though I must slave for livelihood—
Think you that I would change with him?
You bet I would!

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS
1767—1848

TO SALLY

THE man in righteousness arrayed,
A pure and blameless liver,
Needs not the keen Toledo blade,
Nor venom-freighted quiver.

What though he wind his toilsome way
O'er regions wild and weary—
Through Zara's burning desert stray,
Or Asia's jungles dreary:

What though he plow the billowy deep
By lunar light, or solar,
Meet the resistless Simoon's sweep,
Or iceberg circumpolar!
In bog or quagmire deep and dank
His foot shall never settle;
He mounts the summit of Mont Blanc,
Or Popocatapetl.

On Chimborazo's breathless height
He treads o'er burning lava;
Or snuffs the Bohan Upas blight,
The deathful plant of Java.
Through every peril he shall pass,
By Virtue's shield protected;
And still by Truth's unerring glass
His path shall be directed.

Else wherefore was it, Thursday last,
While strolling down the valley,
Defenceless, musing as I pass
A canzonet to Sally,
A wolf, with mouth-protruding snout,
Forth from the thicket bounded—
I clapped my hands and raised a shout—
He heard—and fled—confounded.

Tangier nor Tunis never bred
An animal more crabbed;
Nor Fez, dry-nurse of lions, fed
A monster half so rabid;
Nor Ararat so fierce a beast
Has seen since days of Noah;
Nor stronger, eager for a feast,
The fell constrictor boa.

Oh! place me where the solar beam
Has scorched all verdure vernal;
Or on the polar verge extreme,
Blocked up with ice eternal—
Still shall my voice's tender lays
Of love remain unbroken;
And still my charming Sally praise,
Sweet smiling and sweet spoken.

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS

1805—1848

NEARER TO THEE

Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,

Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou send'st to me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

ÆSCHYLUS

GREEK

525—456 B.C.

CHORUS FROM "THE SEVEN AGAINST THEBES"

Now do our eyes behold
The tidings which were told:
Twin fallen kings, twin perished hopes to mourn,
The slayer, the slain,
The entangled doom forlorn
And ruinous end of twain.
Say, is not sorrow, is not sorrow's sum
On home and hearthstone come?
O waft with sighs the sail from shore,
O smite the bosom, cadencing the oar
That rows beyond the rueful stream for aye
To the far strand
The ship of souls, the dark,
The unreturning bark
Whereupon light never falls nor foot of Day,
Even to the bourne of all, to the unbeholden land.

EPITAPH ON HIMSELF

I, Æschylus of Athens, buried lie,
Euphorion's son, in Gela's fruitful land:
My worth the long-haired Mede can testify,
And the renownèd Marathonian strand.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

1836—1907

WHEN THE SULTAN GOES TO ISPAHAN

When the Sultan Shah-Zaman
Goes to the city Ispahan,
Even before he gets so far
As the place where the clustered palm-trees are,
At the last of the thirty palace-gates,
The flower of the harem, Rose-in-Bloom,
Orders a feast in his favorite room—
Glittering squares of colored ice,
Sweetened with syrop, tinctured with spice,
Creams, and cordials, and sugared dates,
Syrian apples, Othmanee quinces,
Limes, and citrons, and apricots,
And wines that are known to Eastern princes;
And Nubian slaves, with smoking pots
Of spicëd meats and costliest fish
And all that the curious palate could wish,
Pass in and out of the cedarn doors;
Scattered over mosaic floors
Are anemones, myrtles, and violets,
And a musical fountain throws its jets
Of a hundred colors into the air.
The dusk Sultana loosens her hair,
And stains with the henna-plant the tips
Of her pointed nails, and bites her lips
Till they bloom again; but, alas, *that* rose
Not for the Sultan buds and blows,
Not for the Sultan Shah-Zaman
When he goes to the city Ispahan.

Then at a wave of her sunny hand
The dancing-girls of Samarcand
Glide in like shapes from fairy-land,
Making a sudden mist in air
Of fleecy veils and floating hair
And white arms lifted. Orient blood
Runs in their veins, shines in their eyes.
And there, in this Eastern Paradise,
Filled with the breath of sandal-wood,
And Khoten musk, and aloes, and myrrh,
Sits Rose-in-Bloom on a silk divan,
Sipping the wines of Astrakhan;
And her Arab lover sits with her.
That's when the Sultan Shah-Zaman
Goes to the city Ispahan.

Now, when I see an extra light,
Flaming, flickering on the night
From my neighbor's casement opposite,
I know as well as I know to pray,
I know as well as a tongue can say,
That the innocent Sultan Shah-Zaman
Has gone to the city Ispahan.

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN

1832—

ROCK ME TO SLEEP

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;

Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears,—
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,—
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,—
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between:
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures,—
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours:
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;

Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song:
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

1824—1889

THE FAIRIES

Up the airy mountain,
  Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
  For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
  Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
  And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
  Some make their home,
They live on crispy pancakes
  Of yellow tide-foam;

Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old King sits;
He is now so old and gray
He's nigh lost his wits.

With a bridge of white mist
Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow,

They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lake,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As to dig one up in spite,
He shall find the thornies set
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

YOUNG E. ALLISON

DERELICT

"FIFTEEN men on the dead man's chest—
"Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
"Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
"Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!"
The mate was fixed by the bos'n's pike,
The bos'n brained with a marlinspike
And Cookey's throat was marked belike
It had been gripped
By fingers ten;
And there they lay,
All good dead men,
Like break-o'-day in a boozing-ken—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men of a whole ship's list—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Dead and be-damned and the rest gone whist!—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
The skipper lay with his nob in gore
Where the scullion's axe his cheek had shore—
And the scullion he was stabbed times four.
And there they lay
And the soggy skies
Dipped all day long
In up-staring eyes—
At murk sunset and at foul sunrise—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men of 'em stiff and stark—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Ten of the crew had the Murder mark—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
'Twas a cutlass swipe, or an ounce of lead,
Or a yawing hole in a battered head—
And the scuppers glut with a rotting red.
And there they lay—
Aye, damn my eyes!—
All lookouts clapped
On paradise—
All souls bound just contrariwise—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men of 'em good and true—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Every man jack could ha' sailed with Old Pew—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
There was chest on chest full of Spanish gold,

With a ton of plate in the middle hold,
And the cabins riot of stuff untold.
And they lay there
That had took the plum
With sightless glare
And their lips struck dumb,
While we shared all by the rule of thumb—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

More was seen through the sternlight screen—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Chartings ondoubt where a woman had been!
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
A flimsy shift on a bunker cot,
With a thin dirk slot through the bosom spot
And the lace stiff-dry in a purplish blot.
Or was she wench . . .
Or some shuddering maid. . . ?
That dared the knife—
And that took the blade!
By God! she was stuff for a plucky jade—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
We wrapped 'em all in a mains'l tight,
With twice ten turns of a hawser's bight,
And we heaved 'em over and out of sight—
With a yo-heave-ho!
And a fare-you-well!

And a sullen plunge
In the sullen swell
Ten fathoms deep on the road to hell!
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

ANACREON

GREEK

563—478 B.C.

CUPID SWALLOWED

T'OTHER day, as I was twining
Roses for a crown to dine in,
What, of all things, midst the heap,
Should I light on, fast asleep,
But the little desperate elf,
The tiny traitor—Love himself!
By the wings I pinched him up
Like a bee, and in a cup
Of my wine I plunged and sank him;
And what d'ye think I did?—I drank him!
Faith, I thought him dead. Not he!
There he lives with tenfold glee;
And now, this moment, with his wings
I feel him tickling my heart-strings.

ON DRINKING

WHEN wine I quaff, before my eyes
Dreams of poetic glory rise;
And freshened by the goblet's dews,
My soul invokes the heavenly Muse.
When wine I drink, all sorrow's o'er;
I think of doubts and fears no more;

But scatter to the railing wind
Each gloomy phantom of the mind.
When I drink wine, the ethereal boy,
Bacchus himself, partakes my joy;
And while we dance through vernal bowers,
Whose every breath comes fresh from flowers,
In wine he makes my senses swim,
Till the gale breathes of naught but him!

Again I drink,—and, lo, there seems
A calmer light to fill my dreams;
The lately ruffled wreath I spread
With steadier hand around my head;
Then take the lyre, and sing "how blest
The life of him who lives at rest!"
But then comes witching wine again,
With glorious woman in its train;
And, while rich perfumes round me rise,
That seem the breath of woman's sighs,
Bright shapes, of every hue and form,
Upon my kindling fancy swarm,
Till the whole world of beauty seems
To crowd into my dazzled dreams!
When thus I drink, my heart refines,
And rises as the cup declines;
Rises in the genial flow,
That none but social spirits know,
When, with young revelers, round the bowl,
The old themselves grow young in soul!
Oh, when I drink, true joy is mine,
There's bliss in every drop of wine.
All other blessings I have known,
I scarcely dared to call my own;

But this the Fates can ne'er destroy,
Till death o'ershadows all my joy.

Translated by Thomas Moore

ROSES

Buds of roses, virgin flowers,
Culled from Cupid's balmy bowers,
In the bowl of Bacchus steep,
Till with crimson drops they weep.
Twine the rose, the garland twine,
Every leaf distilling wine;
Drink and smile, and learn to think
That we were born to smile and drink.
Rose, thou art the sweetest flower
That ever drank the amber showers;
Rose, thou art the fondest child
Of dimpled Spring, the wood-nymph wild.
Even the Gods, who walk the sky,
Are amorous of thy scented sigh.
Cupid, too, in Paphian shades,
His hair with rosy fillet braids,
When with the blushing, sister Graces,
The wanton winding dance he traces.
Then bring me, showers of roses bring,
And shed them o'er me while I sing,
Or while, great Bacchus, round thy shrine,
Wreathing my brow with rose and vine
I lead some bright nymph through the dance,
Commingling soul with every glance!

Translated by Thomas Moore

MICHAEL ANGELO

HERE RECLINE YOU

HERE recline you, gentle maid,
Sweet is this embowering shade;
Sweet the young, the modest trees,
Ruffled by the kissing breeze;
Sweet the little founts that weep,
Lulling soft the mind to sleep;
Hark! they whisper as they roll,
Calm persuasion to the soul;
Tell me, tell me, is not this
All a stilly scene of bliss?
Who, my girl, would pass it by?
Surely neither you nor I.

Translated by Thomas Moore

MICHAEL ANGELO

ITALIAN

1475—1564

ART IN THE SERVICE OF LOVE

TO VITTORIA COLONNA

LADY, how can it chance—yet this we see
In long experience—that will longer last
A living image carved from quarries vast
Than its own maker, who dies presently?
Cause yieldeth to effect if this so be,
And even Nature is by Art surpassed;
This know I, who to Art have given the past,
But see that Time is breaking faith with me.

Perhaps on both of us long life can I
Either in color or in stone bestow,

By now portraying each in look and mien;
So that a thousand years after we die,
How fair thou wast, and I how full of woe,
And wherefore I so loved thee, may be seen.

Translated by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

ARISTOPHANES

GREEK

444—380 B.C.

CHORUS OF WOMEN

FROM THE "THESMOPHORIAZUSÆ."

THEY'RE always abusing the women,
As a terrible plague to men;
They say we're the root of all evil,
And repeat it again and again—
Of war, and quarrels, and bloodshed,
All mischief, be what it may.
And pray, then, why do you marry us,
If we're all the plagues you say?
And why do you take such care of us,
And keep us so safe at home,
And are never easy a moment
If ever we chance to roam?
When you ought to be thanking Heaven
That your plague is out of the way,
You all keep fussing and fretting—
"Where is my Plague to-day?"
If a Plague peeps out of the window,
Up go the eyes of men;
If she hides, then they all keep staring
Until she looks out again.

EDWIN ARNOLD

1832—1904

AFTER DEATH IN ARABIA

He who died at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends:

Faithful friends! It lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this,—
"*I* am not the thing you kiss;
Cease your tears, and let it lie;
It *was* mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends! What the women lave
For its last bed of the grave,
Is a tent which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which, at last,
Like a hawk my soul hath pass'd.
Love the inmate, not the room,—
The wearer, not the garb,—the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from these splendid stars.

Loving friends! Be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye,—

What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
'T is an empty sea-shell,—one
Out of which the pearl is gone;
The shell is broken, it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'T is an earthen jar, whose lid
Allah seal'd, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind that lov'd him; let it lie!
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold shines in his store!

Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now thy world is understood;
Now the long, long wonder ends;
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you; lost, 't is true,
By such light as shines for you;
But in light ye cannot see
Of unfulfill'd felicity,—
In enlarging paradise,
Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;
Where I am, ye too, shall dwell.
I am gone before your face,
A moment's time, a little space.
When ye come where I have stepp'd
Ye will wonder why ye wept;
Ye will know, by wise love taught,

That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain,—
Sunshine still must follow rain;
Only not at death,—for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life center.

Be ye certain all seems love,
View'd from Allah's throne above;
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home!
La Allah illa Allah! yea!
Thou love divine! Thou love alway!

He that died at Azan gave
This to those who made his grave.

THE MUSMEE

The Musmee has brown velvet eyes
Curtain'd with satin, sleepily;
You wonder if those lids would rise
The newest, strangest sight to see;
But when she chatters, laughs, or plays
Kôto, biwa, or samisen,
No jewel gleams with brighter rays
Than flash from those dark lashes then.

The Musmee has a small brown face,
"Musk-melon seed" its perfect shape:
Jetty arch'd eyebrows; nose to grace
The rosy mouth beneath; a nape,

And neck, and chin, and smooth, soft cheeks
  Carv'd out of sun-burn'd ivory,
With teeth, which, when she smiles or speaks,
  Pearl merchants might come leagues to see!

The Musmee's hair could teach the night
  How to grow dark, the raven's wing
How to seem ebon! Grand the sight
  When, in rich masses, towering,
She builds each high black-marble coil,
  And binds the gold and scarlet in;
And thrusts, triumphant, through the toil
  The Kanzâshi, her jewell'd pin.

The Musmee has wee, faultless feet,
  With snow-white *tabi* trimly deck'd,
Which patter down the city street
  In short steps, slow and circumspect;
A velvet string between her toes
  Holds to its place th' unwilling shoe:
Pretty and pigeon-like she goes,
  And on her head a hood of blue.

The Musmee wears a wondrous dress—
  Kimono, obi, imoji—
A rose-bush in Spring loveliness
  Is not more color-glad to see!
Her girdle holds her silver pipe,
  And heavy swing her long silk sleeves
With cakes, love-letters, *mikan* ripe,
  Small change, musk-bag, and writing-leaves.

The Musmee's heart is slow to grief,
  And quick to pleasure, dance, and song;

The Musmee's pocket-handkerchief
A square of paper! All day long
Gentle, and sweet, and debonair
Is, rich or poor, this Asian lass:
Heaven have her in its tender care,
O *medetó gozarimas!*

THE CALIPH'S DRAUGHT

Upon a day in Ramadan—
When sunset brought an end of fast,
And in his station every man
Prepar'd to share the glad repast—
State Mohtasim in royal state,
The pillaw smok'd upon the gold;
The fairest slave of those that wait
Mohtasim's jewell'd cup did hold.

Of crystal carven was the cup,
With turquoise set along the brim,
A lid of amber clos'd it up;
'T was a great king that gave it him.
The slave pour'd sherbet to the brink,
Stirr'd in wild honey and pomegranate,
With snow and rose-leaves cool'd the drink,
And bore it where the Caliph sate.

The Caliph's mouth was dry as bone,
He swept his beard aside to quaff:
The news-reader beneath the throne
Went droning on with *ghain* and *kaf*.
The Caliph drew a mighty breath,
Just then the reader read a word—

And Mohtasim, as grim as death,
Set down the cup and snatch'd his sword.

"*An' amratan shureefatee!*"
"Speak clear!" cries angry Mohtasim;
"*Fe lasr ind' ilj min ulji,*"—
Trembling the newsman read to him
How in Ammoria, far from home,
An Arab girl of noble race
Was captive to a lord of Roum;
And how he smote her on the face,

And how she cried, for life afraid,
"Ya, Mohtasim! help, O my king!"
And how the Kafir mock'd the maid,
And laugh'd, and spake a bitter thing,
"Call louder, fool! Mohtasim's ears
Are long as Barak's—if he heed—
Your prophet's ass; and when he hears,
He'll come upon a spotted steed!"

The Caliph's face was stern and red,
He snapp'd the lid upon the cup;
"Keep this same sherbet, slave," he said,
"Till such time as I drink it up.
Wallah! the stream my drink shall be,
My hallow'd palm my only bowl,
Till I have set that lady free,
And seen that Roumi dog's head roll."

At dawn the drums of war were beat,
Proclaiming, "Thus saith Mohtasim,
'Let all my valiant horsemen meet,
And every soldier bring with him

A spotted steed.' " So rode they forth,
A sight of marvel and of fear;
Pied horses prancing fiercely north,
Three lakhs—the cup borne in the rear!

When to Ammoria he did win,
He smote and drove the dogs of Roum,
And rode his spotted stallion in,
Crying, "*Labbayki!* I am come!"
Then downward from her prison-place
Joyful the Arab lady crept;
She held her hair before her face,
She kiss'd his feet, she laugh'd and wept.

She pointed where that lord was laid:
They drew him forth, he whin'd for grace:
Then with fierce eyes Mohtasim said—
"She whom thou smotest on the face
Had scorn, because she call'd her king:
Lo! he is come; and dost thou think
To live, who didst this bitter thing
While Mohtasim at peace did drink?"

Flash'd the fierce sword—roll'd the lord's head;
The wicked blood smok'd in the sand.
"Now bring my cup!" the Caliph said.
Lightly he took it in his hand,—
As down his throat the sweet drink ran
Mohtasim in his saddle laugh'd,
And cried, "*Taiba asshrab alan!*
By God! delicious is this draught!"

GEORGE ARNOLD

1834—1865

BEER

HERE,
With my beer
I sit,
While golden moments flit:
Alas!
They pass
Unheeded by:
And, as they fly,
I,
Being dry,
Sit, idly sipping here
My beer.

O, finer far
Than fame, or riches, are
The graceful smoke-wreaths of this free cigar!
  Why
  Should I
  Weep, wail, or sigh?
  What if luck has passed me by?
What if my hopes are dead,—
My pleasures fled?
  Have I not still
  My fill
Of right good cheer,—
Cigars and beer?

  Go, whining youth,
  Forsooth!

Go, weep and wail,
Sigh and grow pale,
  Weave melancholy rhymes
  On the old times,
Whose joys like shadowy ghosts appear,
But leave to me my beer!
  Gold is dross,—
  Love is loss,—
So, if I gulp my sorrows down,
Or see them drown
In foamy draughts of old nut-brown,
Then do I wear the crown,
  Without the cross!

MATTHEW ARNOLD

1822—1888

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

Come, dear children, let us away;
Down and away below!
Now my brothers call from the bay,
Now the great winds shoreward blow,
Now the salt tides seaward flow;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away!
This way, this way!

Call her once before you go—
Call once yet!
In a voice that she will know:
"Margaret! Margaret!"

Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear;
Children's voices, wild with pain—
Surely she will come again!
Call her once and come away;
This way, this way!
"Mother dear, we cannot stay!
The wild white horses foam and fret."
Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down;
Call no more!
One last look at the white-wall'd town,
And the little gray church on the windy shore;
Then come down!
She will not come though you call all day;
Come away, come away!

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
Where the salt weed sways in the stream,
Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground;
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,

Round the world for ever and aye?
When did music come this way?
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away?
Once she sate with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee.
She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of a far-off bell.
She sigh'd, she look'd up through the clear green sea;
She said: "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little gray church on the shore to-day.
'T will be Easter-time in the world—ah me!
And I lose my poor soul, Merman! here with thee."
I said: "Go up, dear heart, through the waves;
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves!"
She smil'd, she went up through the surf in the bay.

Children dear, was it yesterday?
Children dear, were we long alone?
"The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan;
Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say;
Come!" I said; and we rose through the surf in the bay.
We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-wall'd town;
Through the narrow pav'd streets, where all was still,
To the little gray church on the windy hill.

From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.
We climb'd on the graves, on the stones worn with rains,
And we gaz'd up the aisle through the small leaded panes.
She sate by the pillar; we saw her clear:
"Margaret, hist! come quick, we are here!
Dear heart," I said, "we are long alone;
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."
But, ah, she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were seal'd to the holy book!
Loud prays the priest: shut stands the door.
Come away, children, call no more!
Come away, come down, call no more!

Down, down, down!
Down to the depths of the sea!
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.
Hark what she sings: "O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its toy!
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well;
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun!"
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the spindle drops from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand,
And over the sand at the sea;
And her eyes are set in a stare;

And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh;
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away children;
Come, children, come down!
The hoarse wind blows colder;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing: "Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she!
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring-tides are low;
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starr'd with broom,
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanch'd sands a gloom;

Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie.
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
At the white, sleeping town;
At the church on the hill-side—
And then come back down.
Singing: "There dwells a lov'd one,
But cruel is she!
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea."

ANONYMOUS

ABSENCE

WHEN I think on the happy days
I spent wi' you, my dearie;
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie!

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
As ye were wae and weary!
It was na sae ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

FOUR men stood by the grave of a man,
The grave of Alexander the Proud:
They sang words without falsehood
Over the prince from fair Greece.

Said the first man of them:
"Yesterday there were around the king
The men of the world—a sad gathering!
Though to-day he is alone."

"Yesterday the king of the brown world
Rode upon the heavy earth:
Though to-day it is the earth
That rides upon his neck."

"Yesterday," said the third wise author,
"Philip's son owned the whole world:
To-day he has nought
Save seven feet of earth."

"Alexander the liberal and great
Was wont to bestow silver and gold:
To-day," said the fourth man,
"The gold is here, and it is nought."

Thus truly spoke the wise men
Around the grave of the high-king:
It was not foolish women's talk
What those four sang.

THE BALLAD OF CAPTAIN KIDD

My name was William Kidd, when I sailed, when I sailed,
My name was William Kidd, when I sailed,
My name was William Kidd,
God's laws I did forbid,
And so wickedly I did, when I sailed.

My parents taught me well, when I sailed, when I sailed,
My parents taught me well, when I sailed,
My parents taught me well,
To shun the gates of hell,
But against them I rebelled, when I sailed.

I'd a Bible in my hand, when I sailed, when I sailed,
I'd a Bible in my hand, when I sailed,
I'd a Bible in my hand,
By my father's great command,
And I sunk it in the sand, when I sailed.

I murdered William Moore, as I sailed, as I sailed,
I murdered William Moore, as I sailed
I murdered William Moore,
And laid him in his gore,
Not many leagues from shore, as I sailed.

I was sick and nigh to death, when I sailed, when I sailed,
I was sick and nigh to death, when I sailed,
I was sick and nigh to death,
And I vowed with every breath,
To walk in wisdom's ways, when I sailed.

I thought I was undone, as I sailed, as I sailed,
I thought I was undone, as I sailed,
I thought I was undone,
And my wicked glass had run,
But health did soon return, as I sailed.

My repentance lasted not, as I sailed, as I sailed,
My repentance lasted not, as I sailed,
My repentance lasted not,
My vows I soon forgot,
Damnation was my lot, as I sailed.

I spied the ships from France, as I sailed, as I sailed,
I spied the ships of France, as I sailed,
I spied the ships of France,
To them I did advance,
And took them all by chance, as I sailed.

I spied the ships of Spain, as I sailed, as I sailed,
I spied the ships of Spain, as I sailed,
I spied the ships of Spain,
I looted them for gain,
'Till most of them was slain, as I sailed.

I'd ninety bars of gold, as I sailed, as I sailed,
I'd ninety bars of gold, as I sailed,
I'd ninety bars of gold,
And dollars manifold,
With riches uncontrolled, as I sailed.

Thus being o'er-taken at last, as I sailed, as I sailed,
Thus being o'er-taken at last, as I sailed,
Thus being o'er-taken at last,
And into prison cast,
And sentence being passed, I must die.

Farewell, the raging main, I must die, I must die,
Farewell, the raging main, I must die,
Farewell, the raging main,

To Turkey, France and Spain,
I shall never see you again, for I must die.

To Execution Dock, I must go, I must go,
To Execution Dock, I must go,
To Execution Dock,
While many thousands flock,
But I must bear the shock, and must die.

Come all ye young and old, see me die, see me die,
Come all ye young and old, see me die,
Come all ye young and old,
You're welcome to my gold,
For by it I've lost my soul, and must die.

Take warning now by me, for I must die, for I must die,
Take warning now by me, for I must die,
Take warning now by me,
And shun bad company,
Lest you come to hell with me, for I die.

BEFORE SLEEPING

MATTHEW, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on.
Before I lay me down to sleep
I give my soul to Christ to keep.
Four corners to my bed,
Four angels there aspread,
Two to foot, and two to head,
And four to carry me when I'm dead.

ANONYMOUS

I go by sea, I go by land,
The Lord made me with His right hand.
If any danger come to me,
Sweet Jesus Christ deliver me.
He's the branch and I'm the flower,
Pray God send me a happy hour,
And if I die before I wake,
I pray that Christ my soul will take.

THE BELLS

Oh, it's H-A-P-P-Y I am, and it's F-R-double-E.
And it's G-L-O-R-Y to know I'm S-A-V-E-D.
Once I was B-O-U-N-D by the chains of S-I-N
And it's L-U-C-K-Y I am that all is well again.
Oh, the bells of Hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling
For you, but not for me.
The bells of Heaven go sing-a-ling-a-ling
For there I soon shall be.
Oh, Death, where is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling
Oh, Grave, thy victorie-e.
No Ting-a-ling-a-ling, no sting-a-ling-a-ling
But sing-a-ling-a-ling for me.

BINGO

The miller's mill-dog lay at the mill-door,
And his name was Little Bingo.
B with an I, I with an N, N with a G, G with an O,
And his name was Little Bingo.

The miller he bought a cask of ale,
And he called it right good Stingo.

S with a T, T with an I, I with an N, N with a G,
G with an O,
And he called it right good Stingo.

The miller he went to town one day,
And he bought a wedding Ring-o!
R with an I, I with an N, N with a G, G with an O,
And he bought a wedding Ring-o!

THE BLOODY SON

(FINNISH)

"O WHERE have ye been the morn sae late,
My merry son, come tell me hither?
O where have ye been the morn sae late?
And I wot I hae but anither."
"By the water-gate, by the water-gate
O dear mither."

"And whattin kin' o' wark had ye there to make,
My merry son, come tell me hither?
And whatten kin' o' wark had ye there to make?
And I wot I hae but anither."
"I watered my steeds with water frae the lake,
O dear mither."

"Why is your coat sae fouled the day
My merry son, come tell me hither?
Why is your coat sae fouled the day?
And I wot I hae but anither."
"The steeds wer stamping sair by the weary banks
of clay,
O dear mither."

"And where gat ye thae sleeves of red,
My merry son, come tell me hither?
And where gat ye thae sleeves of red?
And I wot I hae but anither."
"I have slain my ae brither by the weary water-head,
O dear mither."

"And where will ye gang to mak your mend?
My merry son, come tell me hither?
And where will ye gang to mak your mend?
And I wot I hae not anither."
"The warldis way, to the warldis end,
O dear mither."

"And what will ye leave your father dear,
My merry son, come tell me hither?
And what will ye leave your father dear?
And I wot I hae not anither."
"The wood to fell and the logs to bear,
For he'll never see my body mair,
O dear mither."

"And what will ye leave your mither dear,
My merry son, come tell me hither?
And what will ye leave your mither dear?
And I wot I hae not anither."
"The wool to card and the wool to wear,
For ye'll never see my body mair,
O dear mither."

"And what will ye leave for your wife to take,
My merry son, come tell me hither?
And what will ye leave for your wife to take?

And I wot I hae not another."
"A goodly gown and a fair new make,
For she'll do nae mair for my body's sake,
O dear mither."

"And what will ye leave your young son fair,
My merry son, come tell me hither?
And what will ye leave your young son fair?
And I wot ye hae not anither."
"A twiggen school-rod for his body to bear,
Though it garred him greet he'll get nae mair,
O dear mither."

"And what will ye leave your little daughter sweet?
My merry son, come tell me hither?
And what will ye leave your little daughter sweet?
And I wot ye hae not anither."
"Wild mulberries for her mouth to eat,
She'll get nae mair though it garred her greet,
O dear mither."

"And when will ye come back frae roamin',
My merry son come tell me hither?
And when will ye come back frae roamin'?
And I wot I hae not anither."
"When the sunrise out of the north is comen,
O dear mither."

"When shall the sunrise on the north side be,
My merry son, come tell me hither?
When shall the sunrise on the north side be?
And I wot I hae not anither."
"When chuckie-stanes shall swim in the sea,
O dear mither."

ANONYMOUS

"When shall stanes in the sea swim,
My merry son, come tell me hither?
When shall stanes in the sea swim?
And I wot I hae not anither."
"When birdies' feathers are as lead therein,
O dear mither."

"When shall feathers be as lead,
My merry son, come tell me hither?
When shall feathers be as lead?
And I wot I hae not anither."
"When God shall judge between the quick and dead,
O dear mither."

Translated by Algernon Swinburne

THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND

O where, and O where is your Highland laddie gone?
O where, and O where is your Highland laddie gone?
He's gone to fight the foe, for King George upon the throne;
And it's oh! in my heart, how I wish him safe at home!

O where, and O where does your Highland laddie dwell?
O where, and O where does your Highland laddie dwell?
He dwelt in merry Scotland at the sign of the Blue Bell;
And it's oh! in my heart that I love my laddie well.

BONNIE ANNIE

There was a rich lord, and he lived in Forfar,
He had a fair lady, and one only dochter.

O she was fair, O dear, she was bonnie:
A ship's captain courted her to be his honey.

"Ye'll steal your father's gowd, and your mother's money,
And I'll mak' ye a lady in Ireland bonny."

She's stown her father's gowd, and her mother's money,
But she was never a lady in Ireland bonny.

"There's fey fowk in our ship, she winna sail for me,
There's fey fowk in our ship, she winna sail for me."

They've casten bullets twice six and forty,
And aye the black bullet fell on Bonnie Annie.

"Ye'll tak' me in your arms twain, lo, lift me cannie,
Throw me out owre board, your ain dear Annie."

He has tane her in his arms twa, lo, lifted her cannie,
He has laid her on a bed of down, his ain dear Annie.

"What can a woman do, love, I'll do for ye?"
"Muckle can a woman do, ye canna do for me."

"Lay about, steer about, lay our ship cannie,
Do all ye can to save my dear Annie."

"I've laid about, steered about, laid about cannie,
But all I can do, she winna steer for me."

"Ye'll tak' her in your arms two, lo, lift her cannie,
Ye'll throw her out owre board, your ain dear Annie."

He has tane her in his arms two, lo, lifted her cannie,
He has thrown her out owre board, his ain dear Annie.

As the ship sailed, bonnie Annie she swam,
And she was at Ireland as soon as them.

He made his love a coffin of the gowd sae yellow,
And buried his bonnie love down in a sea valley.

"THE WATCH ON THE RHINE"

GERMAN

A voice resounds like thunder-peal,
'Mid dashing waves and clang of steel:—
"The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!
Who guards to-day my stream divine?"

CHORUS

Dear Fatherland, no danger thine:
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine!

They stand, a hundred thousand strong,
Quick to avenge their country's wrong;

With filial love their bosoms swell,
They'll guard the sacred landmark well!

The dead of a heroic race
From heaven look down and meet their gaze,
They swear with dauntless heart, "O Rhine,
Be German as this breast of mine!"

While flows one drop of German blood,
Or sword remains to guard thy flood,
While rifle rests in patriot hand,—
No foe shall thread thy sacred strand!

Our oath resounds, the river flows,
In golden light our banner glows;
Our hearts will guard thy stream divine:
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!

Dear Fatherland, no danger thine:
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine!

Translated by Max Schreckenburger

THE BOYNE WATER

ULSTER BATTLE SONG

JULY the first, of a morning clear, one thousand six hundred and ninety,
King William did his men prepare—of thousands he had thirty—
To fight King James and all his foes, encamped near the Boyne Water;
He little feared, though two to one, their multitude to scatter.

King William called his officers, saying: "Gentlemen,
mind your station,
And yet your valour here be shown before this Irish
nation;
My brazen walls let no man break, and your subtle
foes you'll scatter,
Be sure you show them good English play as you go
over the water."

Both foot and horse they marched on, intending them
to batter,
But the brave Duke Schomberg he was shot as he
crossed over the water.
When that King William did observe the brave
Duke Schomberg falling,
He reined his horse with a heavy heart, on the
Enniskillenes calling:

"What will you do for me, brave boys—see yonder
men retreating?
Our enemies encouraged are, and English drums
are beating."
He says, "My boys feel no dismay at the losing of
one commander,
For God shall be our King this day, and I'll be general
under."

Within four yards of our fore-front, before a shot
was fired,
A sudden snuff they got that day, which little they
desired;

For horse and man fell to the ground, and some hung
on their saddle:
Others turned up their forked ends, which we call
coup de ladle.

Prince Eugene's regiment was the next, on our right
hand advanced
Into a field of standing wheat, where Irish horses
pranced;
But the brandy ran so in their heads, their senses
all did scatter,
They little thought to leave their bones that day
at the Boyne Water.

Both men and horse lay on the ground, and many
there lay bleeding,
I saw no sickles there that day—but, sure, there was
sharp shearing.
Now, praise God, all true Protestants, and heaven's
and earth's Creator,
For the deliverance he sent our enemies to scatter.
The Church's foes will pine away, like churlish-
hearted Nabal,
For our deliverer came this day like the great
Zorobabal.

So praise God, all true Protestants, and I will say
no further,
But had the Papists gained that day, there would
have been open murder.
Although King James and many more were ne'er that
way inclined,
It was not in their power to stop what the rabble
they designed.

BRING US IN GOOD ALE

Bring us in good ale, and bring us in good ale;
For our blessed Lady sake bring us in good ale!

Bring us in no browne bred, for that is made of brane,
Nor bring us in no white bred, for therein is no gane,
But bring us in good ale!

Bring us in no befe, or there is many bones,
But bring us in good ale, for that goth downe at ones,
And bring us in good ale!

Bring us in no bacon, for that is passing fat,
But bring us in good ale, and gife us enought of that;
And bring us in good ale!

Bring us in no mutton, for that is often lene,
Nor bring us in no tripes, for they be seldom clene,
But bring us in good ale!

Bring us in no egges, for there are many schelles,
But bring us in good ale, and gife us nothing elles;
And bring us in good ale!

Bring us in no butter, for therein are many hores,
Nor bring us in no pigges flesch, for that will make us bores,
But bring us in good ale!

Bring us in no podinges, for therein is all Godes good,
Nor bring us in no venesen, for that is not for our blod;
But bring us in good ale!

Bring us in no capons flesch, for that is ofte dere,
Nor bring us in no dokes flesch, for they slober in the mere,
But bring us in good ale!

CASEY JONES

COME all you rounders if you want to hear,
A story about a brave engineer,
Casey Jones was the rounder's name,
On a six-eight wheeler, boys, he won his fame.
The caller called Casey at half past four,
Kissed his wife at the station door,
Mounted to the cabin with his orders in his hand,
And took his farewell trip to that promised land.

Casey Jones! Mounted to the cabin,
Casey Jones with his orders in his hand.
Casey Jones! Mounted to his cabin,
And took his farewell trip to that promised land.

Put in your water and shovel in your coal,
Put your head out the window, watch them drivers roll,
I'll run her till she leaves the rail,
'Cause I'm eight hours late with that western mail.
He looked at his watch, and his watch was slow,
He looked at his water and the water was low,

He turned to the fireman and he said,
"We're going to reach Frisco but we'll all be dead."

Casey Jones! Going to reach Frisco,
Casey Jones! But we'll all be dead.
Casey Jones! Going to reach Frisco,
We're going to reach Frisco, but we'll all be dead.

Casey pulled up that Reno hill,
He tooted for the crossing with an awful shrill,
The switchmen knew by the engine's moans
That the man at the throttle was Casey Jones.
He pulled up within two miles of the place,
Number Four stared him right in the face,
Turned to the fireman, said, "Boy, you'd better jump,
'Cause there's two locomotives that's a-going to bump."

Casey Jones! Two locomotives!
Casey Jones! That's a-going to bump!
Casey Jones! Two locomotives!
There's two locomotives that's a-going to bump.

Casey said just before he died,
"There's two more roads that I'd like to ride."
Fireman said, "What could they be?"
"The Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe."
Mrs. Jones sat on her bed a-sighing,
Just received a message that Casey was dying,
Said, "Go to bed, children, and hush your crying,
'Cause you got another papa on the Salt Lake Line."

Casey Jones! Got another papa!
Casey Jones! On that Salt Lake Line!
Casey Jones! Got another papa!
And you've got another papa on that Salt Lake Line.

CLEMENTINE

In a cavern, in a canyon
Excavating for a mine
Dwelt a miner forty-niner
And his daughter Clementine.

Light she was, and like a feather,
And her shoes were number nine,
Sardine-boxes, without topses,
Sandals were for Clementine.

CHORUS

Drove she ducklings to the water,
Every morning just at nine,
Stubbed her toe upon a splinter,
Fell into the foaming brine.

CHORUS

Ruby lips above the water,
Blowing bubbles soft and fine,
Alas, for me! I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine.

CHORUS

In a churchyard, near the canyon,
Where the myrtle doth entwine,

There grow roses, and other posies,
Fertilized by Clementine.

CHORUS

Then the miner, forty-niner,
Soon began to peak and pine,
Though he 'oughter jine' his daughter,
Now he's with his Clementine.

CHORUS

In my dreams she oft doth haunt me,
With her garments soaked in brine,
Though in life I used to hug her,
Now she's dead I draw the line.

CLERK SAUNDERS

CLERK SAUNDERS and may Margaret
Walked owre yon garden green;
And deep and heavy was the love
That fell thir twa between.

"A bed, a bed," Clerk Saunders said,
"A bed for you and me!"
"Fye na, fye na," said may Margaret,
"Till anes we married be!"

"Then I'll take the sword frae my scabbard
And slowly lift the pin;
And you may swear, and save your aith,
Ye ne'er let Clerk Saunders in.

"Take you a napkin in your hand,
And tie up baith your bonnie e'en,
And you may swear, and save your aith,
Ye saw me na since late yestreen."

It was about the midnight hour,
When they asleep were laid,
When in and came her seven brothers,
Wi' torches burning red—

When in and came her seven brothers,
Wi' torches burning bright:
They said, "We hae but one sister,
And behold her lying with a knight!"

Then out and spake the first o' them,
"I bear the sword shall gar him die."
And out and spake the second o' them,
"His father has nae mair but he."

And out and spake the third o' them,
"I wot that they are lovers dear."
And out and spake the fourth o' them,
"They hae been in love this mony a year."

Then out and spake the fifth o' them,
"It were great sin true love to twain."
And out and spake the sixth o' them,
"It were shame to slay a sleeping man."

Then up and gat the seventh o' them,
And never a word spake he;
But he has thrust his bright brown brand
Out through Clerk Saunders' fair bodye.

Clerk Saunders he started, and Margaret she turned
  Into his arms as asleep she lay;
And sad and silent was the night
  That was atween thir twae.

And they lay still and sleepit sound
  Until the day began to daw';
And kindly she to him did say,
  "It is time, true love, you were awa'."

But he lay still, and sleepit sound,
  Albeit the sun began to sheen;
She look'd atween her and the wa',
  And dull and drowsie were his e'en.

Then in and came her father dear;
  Said, "Let a' your mourning be;
I'll carry the dead corse to the clay,
  And I'll come back and comfort thee."

"Comfort weel your seven sons,
  For comforted I will never be:
I ween 'twas neither knave nor loon
  Was in the bower last night wi' me."

The clinking bell gaed through the town,
  To carry the dead corse to the clay;
And Clerk Saunders stood at may Margaret's window,
  I wot, an hour before the day.

"Are ye sleeping, Marg'ret?" he says,
  "Or are ye waking presentlie?

Give me my faith and troth again,
I wot, true love, I gied to thee."

"Your faith and troth ye sall never get,
Nor our true love sall never twin,
Until ye come within my bower,
And kiss me cheik and chin."

"My mouth it is full cold, Marg'ret;
It has the smell, now, of the ground;
And if I kiss thy comely mouth,
Thy days of life will not be lang.

"O cocks are crowing a merry midnight;
I wot the wild fowls are boding day;
Give me my faith and troth again,
And let me fare me on my way."

"Thy faith and troth thou sallna get,
And our true love sall never twin,
Until ye tell what comes o' women,
I wot, who die in strong traivelling?"

"Their beds are made in the Heavens high,
Down at the foot of our good Lord's knee,
Weel set about wi' gillyflowers;
I wot, sweet company for to see.

"O cocks are crowing a merry midnight;
I wot the wild fowls are boding day;
The psalms of Heaven will soon be sung,
And I, ere now, will be missed away."

Then she has taken a crystal wand,
And she has stroken her troth thereon;
She has given it him out at the shot-window,
Wi' mony a sad sigh and heavy groan.

"I thank ye, Marg'ret; I thank ye, Marg'ret;
And ay I thank ye heartilie:
Gin ever the dead come for the quick,
Be sure, Marg'ret I'll come for thee."

It's hosen and shoon, and gown alone,
She climbed the wall, and followed him,
Until she came to the green forest,
And there she lost the sight o' him.

"Is there ony room at your head, Saunders?
Is there ony room at your feet?
Or ony room at your side, Saunders,
Where fain, fain, I wad sleep?"

"There's nae room at my head, Marg'ret,
There's nae room at my feet:
My bed it is fu' lowly now,
Amang the hungry worms I sleep.

"Cauld mould is my covering now,
But and my winding-sheet:
The dew it falls nae sooner down
Than my resting-place is weet.

"But plait a wand o' bonny birk,
And lay it on my breast;
And shed a tear upon my grave,
And wish my saul gude rest."

Then up and crew the red, red cock,
And up and crew the gray:
" 'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Marg'ret,
That you were going away.

"And fair Marg'ret, and rare Marg'ret,
And Marg'ret o' veritie,
Gin ever ye love another man,
Never love him as ye did me."

CRAZY SONG TO THE AIR OF DIXIE

WAY down South in the land of cotton,
I wrote this song and wrote it rotten;
I did, I didn't—you don't believe me,
The reason why I cannot sing,
I have no chestnuts for to spring,
O, me! Did we? She don't. Why does she?
I just come back from Mobile, I did, I didn't!
I just come back from Mobile,
And I don't care to go anywhere—
I do, I don't. Oh, Lizzie sells the peanuts.

I used to live down on a farm,
And one bright night, when the day was warm,
I swiped some cheese from off the table,
The farmer chased me, but the night was damp,
And the farmer got such an awful cramp
In his necktie, in his feet, in his eye, oh, Heinie!
I just come back from Cuba! Hurrah! Hurree!
I just come back from Cuba,
And I don't know which way to go—
I do, I don't, I go out bicycle walking.

ANONYMOUS

I like to sit down by the brook,
Take a fishing line and hook,
And fish for clams, for worms and sausages;
And when I see a sign so near
That says: "No fishing goes on here."
I hunt for fleas, for flies and lobsters,
I am an Irish hunter, I am, I ain't,
I am an Irish hunter;
I hunt for beer, but not for deer,
I do, I don't. Now can you know the difference?

I once went up in a big balloon
To get some cheese from off the moon;
But the moon was full and I was fuller.
I don't forget I took a drop,
I fell kerflop in a barber shop,
And got a shave—a shampoo—that's all.
I'd like to see you after the show—I will—I won't.
I'd like to know which way to go;
For I can't know the wrong direction—
I do. I don't. She was bred in old Kentucky.

CUCKOO SONG

SUMMER is a-coming in:
  Loud sing cuckoo.
Groweth seed and bloweth mead,
  And springeth the wood anew.
    Sing cuckoo!

Ewe bleateth after lamb,
  Loweth after calf the cow,

Bullock starteth, buck verteth:
Merry sing cuckoo!

Cuckoo, cuckoo, well singest thou, cuckoo:
Nor cease thou never now:
Sing cuckoo, now, sing cuckoo,
Sing cuckoo, sing cuckoo, now!

DABBLING IN THE DEW

Oh, where are you going to, my pretty little dear
With your red rosy cheeks and your coal-black hair?
I'm going a-milking, kind sir, she answered me:
And it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair!

Suppose I were to clothe you, my pretty little dear,
In a green silken gown and the amethyst rare?
O no, sir, O no, sir, kind sir, she answered me,
For it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair!

Suppose I were to carry you, my pretty little dear,
In a chariot with horses, a grey gallant pair?
O no, sir, O no, sir, kind sir, she answered me,
For it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair!

Suppose I were to feast you, my pretty little dear,
With dainties on silver, the whole of the year?
O no, sir, O no, sir, kind sir, she answered me,
For it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair!

O but London's a city, my pretty little dear,
And all men are gallant and brave that are there—
O no, sir, O no, sir, kind sir, she answered me,
For it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair!

O fine clothes and dainties and carriages so rare
Bring grey to the cheeks and silver to the hair;
What's a ring on the finger if rings are round the eye?
But it's dabbling in the dey makes the milkmaids fair!

THE DEATH OF ADMIRAL BENBOW

Come all you sailors bold,
Lend an ear, lend an ear,
Come all you sailors bold, lend an ear:
'Tis of our admiral's fame,
Brave Benbow was his name,
How he fought on the main
You shall hear, you shall hear.

Brave Benbow he set sail
For to fight, for to fight,
Brave Benbow he set sail for to fight;
Brave Benbow he set sail,
With a fine and pleasant gale,
But his captains they turn'd tail
In a fight, in a fight.

Says Kirby unto Wade,
I will run, I will run,
Says Kirby unto Wade, I will run:

I value not disgrace,
Nor the losing of my place,
My enemies I'll not face
With a gun, with a gun.

'Twas the Ruby and Noah's Ark
Fought the French, fought the French,
'Twas the Ruby and Noah's Ark fought the French:
And there was ten in all,
Poor souls they fought them all,
They valued them not at all,
Nor their noise, nor their noise.

It was our admiral's lot,
With a chain-shot, with a chain-shot,
It was our admiral's lot with a chain-shot:
Our admiral lost his legs,
And to his men he begs,
Fight on, my brave boys, he says,
'Tis my lot, 'tis my lot.

While the surgeon dress'd his wounds,
Thus he said, thus he said,
While the surgeon dress'd his wounds, thus he said:
Let my cradle now in haste
On the quarter-deck be placed,
That my enemies I may face
Till I'm dead, till I'm dead.

ANONYMOUS

A DILEMMA

LADY, when I behold the roses sprouting
Which clad in damask mantles deck the arbors,
And then behold your lips where sweet love harbors,
My eyes present me with a double doubting:
For viewing both alike, hardly my mind supposes
Whether the roses be your lips, or your lips the roses.

DOWN IN YONDER MEADOW

DOWN in yonder meadow where the green grass grows,
Pretty Pollie Pillicote bleaches her clothes.
She sang, she sang, she sang, oh, so sweet,
She sang, *Oh, come over!* across the street.
He kissed her, he kissed her, he bought her a gown,
A gown of rich cramasie out of the town.
He bought her a gown and a guinea gold ring,
A guinea, a guinea, a guinea gold ring;
Up street, and down, shine the windows made of glass,
Oh, isn't Pollie Pillicote a braw young lass?
Cherries in her cheeks, and ringlets her hair,
Hear her singing *Handy, Dandy* up and down the stair.

THE DYING COWBOY

"O BURY me not on the lone prairie,"
These words came low and mournfully
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay
On his dying bed at the close of day.

He had wailed in pain till o'er his brow
Death's shadows fast were gathering now;
He thought of his home and his loved ones nigh
As the cowboys gathered to see him die.

"O bury me not on the lone prairie
Where the wild coyotes will howl o'er me,
In a narrow grave just six by three,
O bury me not on the lone prairie.

"In fancy I listen to the well known words
Of the free, wild winds and the song of the birds;
I think of home and the cottage in the bower
And the scenes I loved in my childhood's hour.

"It matters not, I've oft been told,
Where the body lies when the heart grows cold;
Yet grant, Oh grant this wish to me,
O bury me not on the lone prairie.

"O then bury me not on the lone prairie,
In a narrow grave six foot by three,
Where the buffalo paws o'er a prairie sea,
O bury me not on the lone prairie.

"I've always wished to be laid when I died
In the little churchyard on the green hillside;
By my father's grave, there let mine be,
And bury me not on the lone prairie.

"Let my death slumber be where my mother's prayer
And a sister's tear will mingle there,
Where my friends can come and weep o'er me;
O bury me not on the lone prairie.

"O bury me not on the lone prairie
In a narrow grave just six by three,
Where the buzzard waits and the wind blows free;
Then bury me not on the lone prairie.

"There is another whose tears may be shed
For one who lies on a prairie bed;
It pained me then and it pains me now;—
She has curled these locks, she has kissed this brow.

"These locks she has curled, shall the rattlesnake kiss?
This brow she has kissed, shall the cold grave press?
For the sake of the loved ones that will weep for me
O bury me not on the lone prairie.

"O bury me not on the lone prairie
Where the wild coyotes will howl o'er me,
Where the buzzard beats and the wind goes free,
O bury me not on the lone prairie.

"O bury me not," and his voice failed there,
But we took no heed of his dying prayer;
In a narrow grave just six by three
We buried him there on the lone prairie.

Where the dew-drops glow and the butterflies rest,
And the flowers bloom o'er the prairie's crest;
Where the wild coyote and winds sport free
On a wet saddle blanket lay a cowboy-ee.

"O bury me not on the lone prairie
Where the wild coyotes will howl o'er me,
Where the rattlesnakes hiss and the crow flies free
O bury me not on the lone prairie."

O we buried him there on the lone prairie
Where the wild rose blooms and the wind blows free,
O his pale young face nevermore to see,—
For we buried him there on the lone prairie.

Yes, we buried him there on the lone prairie
Where the owl all night hoots mournfully,
And the blizzard beats and the winds blow free
O'er his lowly grave on the lone prairie.

And the cowboys now as they roam the plain,—
For they marked the spot where his bones were lain,—
Fling a handful of roses o'er his grave,
With a prayer to Him who his soul will save.

"O bury me not on the lone prairie
Where the wolves can howl and growl o'er me;
Fling a handful of roses o'er my grave
With a prayer to Him who my soul will save."

EARLIEST SEA SONG

Men may leve all gamys
That saylen to Seynt Jamys;
For many a man hit gramys,
When they begyn to sayle.

For when they have take the see,
At Sandwyche, or at Wynchylsee,
At Brystow, or where that hit bee,
Theyr herts begyn to fayle.

Anone the mastyr commaundeth fast
To hys shyp-men in all the hast,
To dresse hem sone about the mast,
Theyr takelyng to make.

With 'howe! hissa!' then they cry,
'What, howe, mate, thow stondyst to ny,
Thy felow may nat hale the by;
Thus they begyn to crake.

A boy or tweyne anone up-styen,
And overthwart the sayle-yerde lyen;—
'Y how! taylia!' the remenaunt cryen,
And pull with all theyr myght.

'Bestowe the boote, bote-swayen, anon,
That our pylgryms may pley thereon;
For som are lyke to cowgh and grone,
Or hit be full mydnyght.

'Hale the bowelyne! now, vere the shete!
Cooke, make redy anoon our mete,
Our pylgryms have no lust to ete,
I pray God yeve hem rest.'

'Go to the helm! what, howe! no nere!
Steward, felow! a pot of bere!'
'Ye shall have, sir, with good chere,
Anone all of the best.'

'Y howe! trussa! hale in the brayles!
Thow halyst nat, be God, thow fayles!
O se howe well owre good shyp sayles!'
And thus they say among.

'Hale in the wartake!' 'Hit shall be done.'
'Steward' cover the boorde anone,
And set bred and salt thereone,
And tary nat too long.'

Then cometh oone and seyth, 'be mery;
Ye shall have a storme or a pery.'
'Holde thow thy pese! thow canst no whery,
Thow medlyst wondyr sore.'

Thys menewhyle the pylgryms ly,
And have theyr bowlys fast them by,
And cry aftyr hote malvesy,
'Thow helpe for to restore.'

And som wold have a saltyd tost,
For they myght ete neyther sode ne rost;
A man myght sone pay for theyr cost,
As for oo day or twayne.

Some layde theyr bookys on theyr kne,
And rad so long they myght nat se;—
'Allas! myne hede woll cleve on thre!'
Thus seyth another certayne.

Then commeth oure owner lyke a lorde,
And speketh many a royall worde,
And dresseth hym to th' hygh borde
To see all thyng be well.

Anone he calleth a carpentere,
And biddyth hym bryng with hym hys gere,
To make the cabans here and there,
With many a febyll cell.

ANONYMOUS

A sak of strawe were there ryght good,
For som must lyg them in theyr hood;
I had as lefe be in the wood,
Without mete or drynk.

For when that we shall go to bedde,
The pumpe was nygh our beddes hede,
A man were as good to be dede,
As smell thereof the stynk.

EGYPTIAN LOVE SONG

O OVERHANGING Spray, my heart is in suspense . . .
I have anointed mine eyes with kohl,
For I would appear with dazzling eyes,
When I hasten to thee beholding thy love.
O man, wondrous to my heart, beautiful is this my hour.
Coming to me, it is an hour of eternity. . . .
I will draw nigh unto thee in the field in which I have made flowers to bloom,
And all sweet smelling plants.
There are delightful canals which I have dug with my hand
To refresh my self with the North Wind,
A beautiful place in which to walk, thy hand in my hand,
My breast full of remembrance,
My heart joyous going both together.
It is an intoxicating draught for me to hear thy voice,
And by hearing it I live.

For me to see thee with every glance is more profitable than eating, more than drinking. . . .
O beautiful Being, my heart would that I be mistress of thy possessions.
As thy lady of the house,
That, thy arm laid against thy arm,
Thou shalt embrace her whom thou lovest,
While to my heart which is on thy bosom
I murmur my supplications. . . .
Ah thou,—art thou not health and life,
He who brings the joys of thy health to my heart seeking thee?

Translated by Terence Gray

FAIR HELEN

I WISH I were where Helen lies;
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies
On fair Kirconnell lea!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me!

O think na but my heart was sair
When my Love dropt down and spak nae mair!
I laid her down wi' meikle care,
On fair Kirconnell lea.

As I went down the water-side,
None but my foe to be my guide,

ANONYMOUS

None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirconnell lea;

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hackèd him in pieces sma',
I hackèd him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!
I'll make a garland of thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, "Haste and come to me!"

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee, I were blest,
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirconnell lea;

I wish I were where Helen lies;
Night and day on me she cries;
And I am weary of the skies,
Since my Love died for me.

"FAREWELL AND ADIEU"

FAREWELL, and adieu to you, (gay) Spanish ladies,
Farewell and adieu to you, ladies of Spain!
For we've received orders for to sail for old England,
But we hope in a short time to see you again.

We'll rant and we'll roar like true British heroes,
We'll rant and we'll roar across the salt seas,
Until we strike soundings in the channel of old England;
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues.

Then we hove our ship to, with the wind at sou'-west, boys,
We hove our ship to, for to strike soundings clear;
We got soundings in ninety-five fathom, and boldly
Up the channel of old England our course we did steer.

The first land we made it was called the Deadman,
Next, Ramshead off Plymouth, Start, Portland and Wight;
We passed by Beechy, by Fairleigh, and Dungeness,
And hove our ship to, off the South Foreland light.

Then a signal was made for the grand fleet to anchor,
All in the downs, that night for to sleep;
Then stand by your stoppers, let go your shank-painters,
Haul all your clew-garnets, stick out tacks and sheets.

So let every man toss off a full bumper,
  Let every man toss off his full bowls;
We'll drink and be jolly, and drown melancholy:
  So here's a good health to all true-hearted souls.

FORSAKEN

O WALY waly up the bank,
  And waly waly down the brae,
And waly waly yon burn-side
  Where I and my Love wont to gae!
I leant my back unto an aik,
  I thought it was a trusty tree;
But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,
  Sae my true Love did lichtly me.

O waly waly, but love be bonny
  A little time while it is new;
But when 'tis auld, it waxeth cauld
  And fades awa' like morning dew.
O wherefore should I busk my head?
  Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true Love has me forsook,
  And says he'll never loe me mair.

Now Arthur-seat sall be my bed;
  The sheets shall ne'er be prest by me:
Saint Anton's well sall be my drink,
  Since my true Love has forsaken me.
Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw
  And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
O gentle Death, when wilt thou come?
  For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost, that freezes fell,
  Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
  But my Love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we came in by Glasgow town
  We were a comely sight to see;
My Love was clad in the black velvét,
  And I mysell in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kist,
  That love had been sae ill to win;
I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd
  And pinn'd it with a siller pin,
And, O! if my young babe were born,
  And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysell were dead and gane,
  And the green grass growing over me!

FROM A HIGH PLACE

"POEMS OF WEST HAM"

From a high place I saw the city
Open and bare below me spread,
And therein walked (O God of pity!)
Few living, many dead.

Dead men entombed in daily labor,
Grappling for gold in ghostly strife;
Dead neighbors chattering to dead neighbors;
And dead youth—seeing life.

Dead women decking lifeless bodies
(See, what a gay and lovely shroud!)

And in rich temples, where no God is,
Dead corpses, praying loud.

But, oh, my eyes were ever turning,
With joy and tender deep delight
To where, like stars in dark skies burning,
The living souls shone bright.

Where are her priestly hands preparing
Holy mother and happy wife?
Daily her humble home is sharing
The bread and wine of life.

The neighbors seek her fireside, telling
Of sacred sorrow, joyous plan;
And often quietly in her dwelling
Meet with the Son of Man.

See where the craftsman's last touch lingers
To draw the wonder from the wood,
As life and love, poured through his fingers,
Create and call it good.

* * * * *

Yonder a youth, afire with pity,
Cries in the press most passionately,
"Comrades, arise! and build a city
Fit dwelling for the free!"

He cries. The dead men pass. The pavement
Echoes his voice. Yet, if one stay,
Hope whispers that one opening grave meant
A resurrection day!

There a stern gray-haired prophet preaches
To proud pews full of dull and dead;
And there a gentle schoolma'am teaches
With glory round her head.

Many the dead, and few the living?
Yet see life springing everywhere—
Leaping from soul to soul, and giving
A pause to our despair.

And comes the wind of God's voice sweeping—
"Blind seer, behold again! for they,
Whom you called dead men, are but sleeping
And shall awake one day!"

GAUDEAMUS IGITUR

Let us live, then, and be glad
While young life's before us!
After youthful pastime had,
After old age hard and sad,
Earth will slumber o'er us.

Where are they who in this world,
Ere we kept, were keeping?
Go ye to the gods above;
Go to hell; inquire thereof:
They are not: they're sleeping.

Brief is life, and brevity
Briefly shall be ended:
Death comes like a whirlwind strong,
Bears us with his blast along;
None shall be defended.

* * * * *

ANONYMOUS

Perish cares that pule and pine!
Perish envious blamers!
Die the devil, thine and mine!
Die the starch-neck Philistine!
Scoffers and defamers!

THE GOLDEN VANITY

I HAVE a ship in the North Countrie,
And she goes by the name of the Golden Vanity;
I'm afraid she will be taken by some Turkish gallee,
As he sails on the Low Lands Low.

Then up starts our little cabin boy,
Saying, "Master, what will you give me if I do them destroy?"
"I will give you gold, I will give you store;
You shall have my daughter when I return on shore,
If you sink them in the Low Lands low.

The boy bent his breast, and away he jumpt in;
He swam till he came to this Turkish galleon,
As she laid on the Low Lands Low.
The boy he had an auger to bore holes two at twice;
While some were playing cards, and some were playing dice,
He let the water in, and it dazzled in their eyes,
And he sunk them in the Low Lands Low.

The boy he bent his breast, and away he swam back again,
Saying, "Master, take me up, or I shall be slain,
For I have sunk them in the Low Lands Low."

"I'll not take you up," the master he cried,—
"I'll not take you up," the master replied;
"I will kill you, I will shoot you, I will send you with the tide,
I will sink you in the Low Lands Low."

The boy he swam round all by the starboard side;
They laid him on the deck, and it's there he soon died:
Then they sewed him up in an old cow's hide,
And they threw him overboard to go down with the tide,
And they sunk him in the Low Lands Low.

THE GREAT ADVENTURER

Over the mountains
And over the waves,
Under the fountains
And under the graves;
Under floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obey;
Over rocks that are steepest
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lie;
Where there is no space
For receipt of a fly;
Where the midge dares not venture
Lest herself fast she lay;
If love come, he will enter
And soon find out his way.

ANONYMOUS

You may esteem him
A child for his might;
Or you may deem him
A coward from his flight;
But if she whom love doth honor
Be conceal'd from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him
By having him confined;
And some do suppose him,
Poor thing, to be blind;
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
Do the best that you may,
Blind love, if so ye call him,
Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist;
Or you may inveigle
The phoenix of the east;
The lioness, ye may move her
To give o'er her prey;
But you'll ne'er stop a lover:
He will find out his way.

THE HALL OF CYNDDYLAN

WELSH

The Hall of Cynddlyan is gloomy to-night;
I weep, for the grave has extinguished its light;
The beam of the lamp from its summit is o'er,
The blaze of its hearth shall give welcome no more!

The Hall of Cynddlyan is voiceless and still,
The sound of its harpings hath died on the hill!
Be silent for ever, thou desolate scene,
Nor let e'en an echo recall what hath been.

The Hall of Cynddylan is lonely and bare,
No banquet, no guest, not a footstep is there!
Oh! where are the warriors who circled its board?—
The grass will soon wave where the mead-cup was poured!

The Hall of Cynddylan is loveless to-night,
Since he is departed whose smile made it bright!
I mourn; but the sigh of my soul shall be brief,
The pathway is short to the grave of my chief!

Translated by Felicia Hemans.

THE HIGH BARBAREE

THERE were two lofty ships from old England came
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we:
One was the Prince of Luther, and the other Prince of Wales,
Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree.

"Aloft there, aloft!" our jolly boatswain cries,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
"Look ahead, look astern, look a-weather and a-lee,
Look along down the coast of the High Barbaree."

"There's nought upon the stern, there's nought upon the lee,"
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;

ANONYMOUS

"But there's a lofty ship to windward, and she's
sailing fast and free,
Sailing down along the coast of the High Barbaree."

"O hail her, O hail her," our gallant captain cried,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
"Are you a man-o'-war or a privateer," said he,
"Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree?"

"O, I am not a man-o'-war nor privateer," said he,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
"But I'm a salt-sea pirate a-looking for my fee,
Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree."

O, 'twas broadside to broadside a long time we lay,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
Until the "Prince of Luther" shot the pirate's masts
away,
Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree.

"O quarter, O quarter," those pirates then did cry,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
But the quarter that we gave them—we sunk them
in the sea,
Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree.

HYMN TO THE SUN GOD, RA

EGYPTIAN

Hail to thee, Ra, Lord of Truth
whose shrine is hidden, Lord of the gods:
Khepera in his boat:

at whose command the gods were made.
Atum, maker of men:
supporting their works, giving them life:
distinguishing the colour of one from another:
listening to the poor who is in distress:
gentle of heart when one cries unto him.
Deliverer of the timid man from the violent:
judging the poor, the poor and the oppressed.
Lord of wisdom, whose precepts are wise:
at whose pleasure the Nile overflows:
Lord of mercy most loving,
at whose coming men live:
opener of every eye:
proceeding from the firmament:
causer of pleasure and light:
at whose goodness the gods rejoice,
their hearts revive when they see him.

* * * * *

Hail to thee for all these things:
the One alone with many hands,
lying awake while all men lie asleep.
Amen, sustainer of all things:
Atum, Horus of the horizon:
homage to thee in all their voices.
Salutation to thee for thy mercy to us:
protestations to thee who hast created us.

Translated by E. A. Wallis Budge

I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING

I KNOW where I'm going,
I know who's going with me,
I know who I love,
But the dear knows who I'll marry.

I'll have stockings of silk,
Shoes of fine green leather,
Combs to buckle my hair
And a ring for every finger.

Feather beds are soft,
Painted rooms are bonny;
But I'd leave them all
To go with my love Johnny.

Some say he's dark,
I say he's bonny,
He's the flower of them all
My handsome, coaxing Johnny.

I know where I'm going,
I know who's going with me,
I know who I love,
But the dear knows who I'll marry.

JACK O' DIAMONDS

O MOLLIE, O Mollie, it is for your sake alone
That I leave my old parents, my house and my home,
That I leave my old parents, you caused me to roam,—
I am a rabble soldier and Dixie is my home.

Jack o' diamonds, Jack o' diamonds,
I know you of old,
You've robbed my poor pockets
Of silver and gold.
Whiskey, you villain,
You've been my downfall,
You've kicked me, you've cuffed me,
But I love you for all.

My foot's in my stirrup, my bridle's in my hand,
I'm going to leave sweet Mollie, the fairest in the land.
Her parents don't like me, they say I'm too poor,
They say I'm unworthy to enter her door.

They say I drink whiskey; my money is my own,
And them that don't like me can leave me alone.
I'll eat when I'm hungry, I'll drink when I'm dry,
And when I get thirsty I'll lay down and cry.

I will build me a big castle on yonder mountain high,
Where my true love can see me when she comes riding by,
Where my true love can see me and help me to mourn,—
I am a rabble soldier and Dixie is my home.

I'll get up in my saddle, my quirt I'll take in hand,
I'll think of you, Mollie, when in some far distant land,
I'll think of you, Mollie, you caused me to roam,—
I am a rabble soldier and Dixie is my home.

I've rambled and trambled this wide world around,
But it's for the rabble army, dear Mollie, I'm bound,
It is to the rabble army, dear Mollie, I roam,—
I am a rabble soldier and Dixie is my home.

I have rambled and gambled all my money away,
But it's with the rabble army, O Mollie, I must stay,
It is with the rabble army, O Mollie I must roam,—
I am a rabble soldier and Dixie is my home.

Jack o' Diamonds, Jack o' diamonds,
I know you of old,
You've robbed my poor pockets
Of silver and gold.

O Baby, O Baby, I've told you before,
Do make me a pallet, I'll lie on the floor.

LAVENDER'S BLUE

Lavender's blue, dilly dilly, lavender's green,
When I am king, dilly dilly, you shall be queen
Who told you so, dilly dilly, who told you so?
'Twas mine own heart, dilly dilly, that told me so.

Call up your men, dilly dilly, set them to work,
Some with a rake, dilly dilly, some with a fork,
Some to make hay, dilly dilly, some to thresh corn,
Whilst you and I, dilly dilly, keep ourselves warm. . . .

LEAVE HER, JOHNNIE

Oh, the times are hard and wages low—
Leave her, Johnnie, leave her!
And now ashore again we'll go—
It's time for us to leave her!

The grub was bad, the voyage long—
Leave her, Johnnie, leave her!
The seas were high, the gales were strong—
It's time for us to leave her!

She would not wear, she would not stay—
Leave her, Johnnie, leave her!
She shipped it green both night and day—
It's time for us to leave her!

She would not stay, she would not wear—
Leave her, Johnnie, leave her!
She shipped it green, and she made us swear
It's time for us to leave her!

The sails are furled, our work is done—
Leave her, Johnnie, leave her!
And now ashore we'll take a run—
It's time for us to leave her!

THE LIVERPOOL PACKET

Oh it's of a flash packet, flash packet of fame:
She belongs to New York, and the "Dreadnought's" her name:
Bound away to the westward where the wild waters flow,
She's a liverpool packet—oh Lord, let her go!

CHORUS

Bound away, bound away where the wild waters flow,
She's a Liverpool packet—oh Lord, let her go!

Oh the "Dreadnought's" a-hauling out of Waterloo Dock,
Where the boys and the girls on the pierhead do flock,
They will give us three cheers while the tears freely flow,
Saying, "God bless the 'Dreadnought' where'er she may go."

Oh the "Dreadnought" is waiting in the Mersey so free
For the "Independence" to tow her to sea,
For to round that Rock Light where the Mersey does flow—
Bound away to the westward in the "Dreadnought" we'll go.

Now the "Dreadnought's" a-howling down the wild Irish Sea,
Her passengers merry with hearts full of glee,
Her sailors like lions walk the decks to and fro,
She's a Liverpool packet—oh Lord, let her go."

Now the "Dreadnought's" a-roaring o'er the Banks of Newfoundland,
Where the water is shoal and the bottom is sand,
And the fishes sing out as they swim to and fro,
"Here's the Liverpool packet—oh Lord, let her go!"

Now the "Dreadnought's" a-sailing up Long Island Sound,
With the flags all a-flying and boats all around.
With our wives and our sweethearts, oh, soon we shall be,
Drinking luck to the "Dreadnought" wherever she may be.

CHORUS

Bound away, bound away where the wild waters flow!
She's a Liverpool packet—oh Lord, let her go!

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG

ONCE in the dear, dead days beyond recall,
When on the world the mists began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng,
Low to our hearts Love sang an old sweet song;
And in the dusk where fell the firelight gleam,
Softly it wove itself into our dream.

CHORUS

Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
And the flick'ring shadows softly come and go;
Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight comes Love's old sweet song.

Even today we hear Love's song of yore,
Deep in our hearts it dwells forevermore,
Footsteps may falter, weary grow the way,
Still we can hear it at the close of the day;
So till the end when life's dim shadows fall,
Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH

MEN of Harlech! in the hollow,
Do ye hear, like rushing billow,
Wave on wave that Saxon spearmen battle's distant sound?
'Tis the tramp of Saxon foemen, Saxon spearmen, Saxon bowmen;
Be they knights, or hinds, or yeomen,
They shall bite the ground!
Loose the folds asunder,
Flag we conquer under!
The placid sky now bright on high shall launch its bolts in thunder!
Onward! 'tis our country needs us;
He is bravest, he who leads us!
Honor's self now proudly heads us!
Freedom! God, and Right.

THE MARINES' SONG

FROM the Halls of Montezuma
To the shores of Tripoli,
We fight our country's battles,
On the land as on the sea.
Admiration of the Nation,
We're the finest ever seen,
And we glory in the title:
The United States Marine.

From the Pest Hole of Cavite
To the Ditch at Panama,

You will find them very needy
Of marines. That's what we are.
We're the watch-dogs of a pile of coal,
Or we dig a magazine.
Though our job lots are quite manifold,
Who would not be a marine?

Our flag's unfurled to every breeze,
From dawn to setting sun;
We've fought in every clime and place
Where we could take a gun.
In the snows of far-off northern lands
And in sunny tropic scenes,
You will always find us on the job,
The United States Marines.

Here's health to you and to our corps,
Which we are proud to serve:
In many a strife we have fought for life
And never lost our nerve.
If the Army and the Navy
Ever look on Heaven's scenes,
They will find the streets are guarded
By the United States Marines.

MY LOVE IN HER ATTIRE

My Love in her attire doth shew her wit,
It doth so well become her:
For every season she hath dressings fit,
For Winter, Spring, and Summer.
No beauty she doth miss
When all her robes are on:

But Beauty's self she is
When all her robes are gone.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM OF JAPAN

THROUGH countless ages yet unborn,
Still may our Lord's Dominion last,
Till by each streamlet, water-worn,
The tiny pebbles that each morn
Scarce in the sunlight shadows cast,
Grow into boulders, mossy, vast!

OH! DEAR!

OH! dear! what can the matter be?
Dear! dear! what can the matter be?
Oh! dear! what can the matter be?
Johnny's so long at the fair.

He promised he'd buy me a fairing should please me,
And then for a kiss, oh he vowed he would tease me,
He promised he'd bring me a bunch of blue ribbons
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

And it's oh! dear! what can the matter be?
Dear! dear! what can the matter be?
Oh! dear! what can the matter be?
Johnny's so long at the fair.

He promised he'd bring me a basket of posies,
A garland of lilies, a garland of roses,
A little straw hat, to set off the blue ribbons
That tie up my bonny brown hair.

And it's oh dear! what can the matter be?
Dear! dear! what can the matter be?
Oh! dear! what can the matter be?
Johnny's so long at the fair.

OLD MAY SONG

All in this pleasant evening, together come are we,
For the summer springs so fresh, green, and gay;
We tell you of a blossoming and buds on every tree,
Drawing near unto the merry month of May.

Rise up, the master of this house, put on your charm of gold,
For the summer springs so fresh, green, and gay;
Be not in pride offended with your name we make so bold,
Drawing near unto the merry month of May.

Rise up, the mistress of this house, with gold along your breast;
For the summer springs so fresh, green, and gay;
And if your body be asleep, we hope your soul's at rest,
Drawing near unto the merry month of May.

Rise up, the children of this house, all in your rich attire,
For the summer springs so fresh, green, and gay;
And every hair upon your heads shines like the silver wire:
Drawing near unto the merry month of May.

Gold bless this house and arbour, your riches and your store,
For the summer springs so fresh, green, and gay;
We hope the Lord will prosper you, both now and evermore,
Drawing near unto the merry month of May.

And now comes we must leave you, in peace and plenty here,
For the summer springs so fresh, green, and gay;
We shall not sing you May again until another year,
To draw you these cold winters away.

ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before;
Christ the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See His banners go.

Refrain:

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before. Amen.

At the sign of triumph,
Satan's host doth flee;
Oh, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.

Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

Like a mighty army,
Moves the church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP

On the battle front we stand, 'neath the flag that made us free,
Ever ready at the word to do and dare;
Tho' we're twice a million strong, still they're coming from the sea,
We can hear the tread like thunder on the air.

CHORUS:

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching!
Cheer, brave comrades, they will come;
Ev'ry heart is in the fight for the cause of Truth and Right,
And the freedom of our own beloved land!

They are coming from the West, you can hear the mighty roar,
As they tramp the earth and sing a battle song;

ANONYMOUS

There are millions in the fight, and as many millions more,
Only wait the Nation's call to come along.

There's a God in glory still, and His Word is on the sky,
Blazing letters for the dastard foe to read;
Ye are traitors to the truth and as traitors ye shall die,
Tho' a world be made to suffer and to bleed!

O! SUSANNA

I CAME from Alabama
Wid my banjo on my knee;
I'm gwine to Louisiana,
My true love for to see.
It rained all night the day I left,
The weather it was dry,
The sun so hot I froze to death;
Susanna, don't you cry.

CHORUS

O! Susanna, O don't you cry for me;
I've come from Alabama
Wid my banjo on my knee.

I jumped aboard de telegraph
And trabbled down the ribber,
De 'lectric fluid magnified
And killed five hundred nigger;
De bullgine bust, de horse run off,
I really thought I'd die;

I shut my eyes, to hold my breath;
Susanna, don't you cry.

CHORUS

I had a dream de odder night
When ebery t'ing was still;
I thought I saw Susanna
A-coming down the hill;
The buckwheat cake was in her mouth,
The tear was in her eye;
Says I, "I'm coming from the South,
Susanna, don't you cry."

CHORUS

I soon will be in New Orleans,
And den I'll look all round,
And when I find Susanna
I will fall upon the ground;
And if I do not find her
Dis darkie'll surely die,
And when I'm dead and buried,
Susanna, don't you cry.

O THAT I HAD WINGS LIKE A DOVE

O GRACIOUS GOD, O Saviour sweet,
O JESUS, think on me,
And suffer me to kiss Thy feet,
Though late I come to Thee.

Behold, dear LORD, I come to Thee
With sorrow and with shame,

For when Thy bitter wounds I see,
I know I caused the same.

Sweet JESU, who shall lend me wings
Of peace and perfect love,
That I may rise from earthly things
To rest with Thee above?

For sin and sorrow overflow
All earthly things so high,
That I can find no rest below,
But unto Thee I fly.

Wherefore my soul doth loathe the things
Which gave it once delight,
And unto Thee, the King of kings,
Would mount with all her might.

And yet the weight of flesh and blood
Doth so my wings restrain,
That oft I strive and gain no good,
But rise, to fall again.

Yet when this fleshly misery
Is master'd by the mind,
I cry, "avaunt, all vanity":
And "Satan, stand behind."

So thus, sweet LORD, I fly about,
In weak and weary case
Like the lone dove which Noah sent [out],
And found no resting place.

My weary wings, sweet JESU, mark,
And when Thou thinkest best
Stretch forth Thy arm from out the ark,
And take me to Thy rest.

"OH YARMOUTH IS A PRETTY TOWN"

OH Yarmouth is a pretty town
And shines where it stands,
And the more I think of it
The more it runs in my mind:
The more I think of it
It makes my heart to grieve,
At the sign of the Angel
Pretty Nancy did live.

The rout came on Sunday,
On Monday we marched away:
And the drums they did beat
And the music did play.
Many hearts were rejoicing,
But my heart was sad
To part from my true love—
What a full heart I had!

Will you go on board of ship?
My love, will you try?
I'll buy you as fine seafare
As money will buy.
And while I'm on sentry
I'll guard you from all foe:
My love, will you go with me?
But her answer was "No."

ANONYMOUS

Oh Yarmouth is a pretty town
  And shines where it stands,
And the more I think of it
  The more it runs in my mind:
The more I think of it
  It makes my heart to grieve,
At the sign of the Angel
  Pretty Nan I did leave.

PHILLADA FLOUTS ME

O WHAT a plague is love!
  How shall I bear it?
She will inconstant prove,
  I greatly fear it.
She so torments my mind
  That my strength faileth,
And wavers with the wind
  As a ship saileth.
Please her the best I may,
She loves still to gainsay;
Alack and well-a-day!
  Phillada flouts me.

At the Fair yesterday
  She did pass by me;
She looked another way
  And would not spy me:
I wooed her for to dine,
  But could not get her;
Will had her to the wine—
  He might entreat her.

With Daniel she did dance,
On me she looked askance:
O thrice unhappy chance!
Phillada flouts me.

Fair maid, be not so coy,
Do not disdain me!
I am my mother's joy:
Sweet, entertain me!
She'll give me, when she dies,
All that is fitting—
Her poultry and her bees,
And her goose sitting,
A pair of mattrass beds,
And a bag full of shreds;
And yet, for all this guedes,
Phillada flouts me!

She hath a clout of mine
Wrought with blue coventry,
Which she keeps for a sign
Of my fidelity—
But i' faith, if she flinch
She shall not wear it:
To Tib, my t'other wench,
I mean to bear it.
And yet it grieves my heart
So soon from her to part:
Death strike me with his dart.
Phillada flouts me.

Thou shalt eat crudded cream
All the year lasting,

And drink the crystal stream
  Pleasant in tasting:
Whig and whey whilst thou lust,
  And bramble-berries,
Pie-lid and pastry-crust,
  Pears, plums, and cherries.
Thy raiment shall be thin,
Made of a weevil's skin;
Yet all's not worth a pin!
  Phillada flouts me.

In the last month of May
  I made her posies:
I heard her often say
That she loved roses.
Cowslips and gillyflowers
  And the white lily
I brought to deck the bowers
  For my sweet Philly.
But she did all disdain,
And threw them back again;
Therefore 'tis flat and plain
  Phillada flouts me.

Fair maiden, have a care,
  And in time take me:
I can have those as fair
  If you forsake me;
For Doll the dairy-maid
  Laughed at me lately,
And wanton Winifred
  Favors me greatly.

One throws milk on my clothes,
T'other plays with my nose;
What wanting signs are those?
Phillada flouts me.

I cannot work nor sleep
At all in season:
Love wounds my heart so deep
Without all reason.
I 'gin to pine away
In my Love's shadow,
Like as a fat beast may,
Penned in a meadow.
I shall be dead, I fear,
Within this thousand year:
And all for that my dear
Phillada flouts me.

THE QUEEN OF FAIRIES

Come follow, follow me,
You, fairy elves that be,
Which circle on the green—
Come follow Mab, your queen!
Hand in hand, let's dance a round,
For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest
And snoring in their nest,
Unheard and unespied,
Through key-holes we do glide;
Over tables, stools and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And, if the house be foul,
Or platter, dish, or bowl,
Up stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep:
There we pinch their arms and thighs—
None escapes, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And surely she is paid;
For we do use before we go,
To drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon a mushroom's head,
Our table we do spread;
A grain of rye, or wheat,
Is manchet, which we eat.
Pearly drops of dew we drink
In acorn cups filled to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
With unctuous dew of snails,
Between two nutshells stewed,
Is meat that's easily chewed;
And the beards of little mice
Do make a feast of wondrous price.

The grasshopper and the fly,
Serve for our minstrelsy.
Grace said, we dance a while,
And so the time beguile;
And when the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewy grass,
So nimbly do we pass,
The young and tender stalk
Never bends when we do walk;
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we, the night before, have been.

RAGING CANAWL

COME, listen to my story, ye landsmen, one and all,
And I'll sing to you the dangers of that raging canawl;
For I am one of many who expects a watery grave,
For I've been at the mercies of the winds and the waves.

I left Albany harbor about the break of day,
If rightly I remember, 'twas the second day of May;
We trusted to our driver, altho' he was but small,
Yet he knew all the windings of that raging canawl.

It seemed as if the devil had work in hand that night.
For our oil it was all gone, and our lamps they gave no light;
The clouds began to gather, and the rain began to fall,
And I wished myself off of that raging canawl.

The Captain told the driver to hurry with all speed,
And his orders were obeyed, for he soon cracked up his lead;

With the fastest kind of towing we allowed by twelve o'clock,
We should be in old Schenectady, right bang against the dock.

But sad was the fate of our poor devoted bark,
For the rain kept a-pouring faster, and the night it grew more dark,
The horses gave a stumble, and the driver gave a squall.
And they tumbled head and heels into that raging canawl.

The Captain came on deck, with a voice so clear and sound,
Crying, "Cut the horses loose, my boys, or I swear we'll all be drowned!"
The driver paddled to the shore, altho' he was but small,
While the horses sank to rise no more in that raging canawl.

The cook she wrung her hands, and she came upon the deck,
Saying: "Alas! what will become of us our boat it is a wreck?"
The steersman laid her over, for he was a man of sense,
When the bowsman jumped ashore he lashed her to the fence.

We had a load of Dutch, and we stowed them in the hole,
They were not the least concerned about the welfare of their soul;

The Captain went below and implored them for to pray,
But the only answer he could get was, "Nix come rous, nix fis staa."

The Captain came on deck with a spyglass in his hand,
But the night it was so dark he could not diskiver land;
He said to us with a faltering voice, while tears began to fall,
"Prepare to meet your death, my boys, this night on the canawl."

The cook, she being kind-hearted, she loaned us an old dress,
Which we raised upon a setting pole as a signal of distress;
We agreed with restoration, aboard the boat to hide,
And never quit her deck whilst a plank hung to her side.

It was our good fortune about the break of day,
The storm it did abate, and a boat came by that way;
Our signal was discovered, and they hove alongside.
And we all jumped aboard and for Buffalo did ride.

I landed in Buffalo about twelve o'clock,
The first place I went to was down to the dock;
I wanted to go up the lake, but it looked rather squally,
When along came Fred Emmons and his friend, Billy Bally.

Says Fred, "How do you do, and whar have you been
so long?"
Says I, "For the last fortnight I've been on the
canawl;
For it stormed all the time, and thar was the devil
to pay.
When we got in Tonawandy Creek we thar was cast
away."

"Now," says Fred, "Let me tell you how to manage
wind and weather,
In a storm hug to the towpath, and then lay feather
to feather;
And when the weather is bad, and the wind it blows
a gale,
Just jump ashore, knock down a horse—that's taking
in a sail.

"And if you wish to see both sides of the canawl,
To steer your course to Buffalo, and that right true
and well,
And it be so foggy that you cannot see the track,
Just call the driver aboard and hitch a lantern on
his back."

ROBIN HOOD AND ALLAN-A-DALE

COME listen to me, you gallants so free!
All you that love mirth for to hear!
And I will tell you of a bold outlaw
That lived in Nottinghamshire.

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,
And under a green-wood tree,

There he was aware of a brave young man
As fine a fine might be.

The youngster was clothed in scarlet red,
In scarlet fine and gay;
And he did frisk it over the plain,
And chanted a roundelay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood,
Amongst the leaves so gay,
There did he espy the same young man
Come drooping along the way.

The scarlet he wore the day before,
It was clean cast away;
And at every step he fetch'd a sigh,
"Alack, and well-aday!"

Then stepped forth brave Little John
And (Much) the miller's son,—
Which made the young man bend his bow,
When as he see them come.

"Stand off! stand off!" the young man said,—
"What is your will with me?"
"You must come before our master straight,
Under yon green-wood tree."

And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin asked him courteously—
"O hast thou any money to spare
For my merry men and me?"

"I have no money," the young man said,
"But five shillings, and a ring;
And that I have kept this seven long years,
To have it at my wedding.

"Yesterday I should have married a maid,
But she soon from me was ta'en,
And chosen to be an old knight's delight,—
Whereby my poor heart is slain."

"What is thy name?" then said Robin Hood,—
"Come tell me, without any fail!"
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,—
"My name it is Allan-a-dale."

"What wilt thou give me," said Robin Hood,—
"In ready gold or fee
To help thee to thy true love again
And deliver her unto thee?"

"I have no money," then quoth the young man,—
"No ready gold nor fee,
But I will swear upon a book
Thy true servant for to be."

"How many miles is it to thy true Love?
Come tell me without guile!"
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,—
"It is but five little mile."

Then Robin he hasted over the plain,
He did neither stint nor (blin)

Until he came unto the church
  Where Allan should keep his wedding.

"What hast thou here?" the bishop then said,—
  "I prithee now tell unto me!"
"I am a bold harper," quoth Robin Hood,—
  "And the best in the North country."

"O welcome! O welcome!" the bishop he said,—
  "That music best pleaseth me."
"You shall have no music," quoth Robin Hood,—
  "Till the bride and the bridegroom I see."

With that came in the wealthy knight,
  Which was both grave and old,
And after him a finiken lass
  Did shine like the glistering gold.

"This is not a fit match," quoth bold Robin Hood,—
  "That you do seem to make here:
For since we are come into the church,
  The Bride shall choose her own Dear!"

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
  And blew blasts two or three;
When four and twenty bowmen bold
  Came leaping over the lea.

And when (they) came into the churchyard,
  Marching all on a row,
The first man was Allan-a-dale
  To give bold Robin his bow.

"This is thy true Love," Robin he said,—
"Young Allan! as I hear say;
And you shall be married at this same time,
Before we depart away."

"That shall not be!" the bishop he said,—
"For thy word shall not stand;
They shall be three times ask'd in the church
As the law is of our land."

Robin Hood pull'd off his bishop's coat,
And put it upon Little John;
"By the faith of my body," then Robin said,—
"This cloth doth make thee a man."

When Little John went into the choir,
The people began to laugh:
He asked them seven times in the church,
Lest three times should not be enough.

"Who gives me this maid?" said Little John;
Quoth Robin—"That do I.
And he that takes her from Allan-a-dale
Full dearly he shall her buy."

And thus having end of this merry wedding,
The Bride look'd like a Queen;
And so they return'd to the merry green wood,
Amongst the leaves so green.

ROLL, JORDAN, ROLL

My brudder sittin' on de tree of life
An' he yearde when Jordan roll.
Roll, Jordan,
Roll, Jordan,
Roll, Jordan, roll!
O march de angel march;
O my soul arise in Heaven, Lord,
For to yearde when Jordan roll.

Little chil'en, learn to fear de Lord,
And let your days be long.
Roll, Jordan, etc.

O let no false nor spiteful word
Be found upon your tongue
Roll, Jordan, etc.

SAMUEL HALL

My name is Samuel Hall, Samuel Hall,
My name is Samuel Hall, and I hate you one and all;
You're a gang of muckers all—
Damn your eyes!

O, I killed a man 'tis said, so 'tis said,
O, I killed a man 'tis said and I smashed his bleeding head,
And I left him lying dead—
Damn his eyes!

So they put me into quod, into quod,
So they put me into quod with a bar and iron rod,
And they left me there, by God,—
Damn their eyes!

O, the parson he did come, he did come,
O, the parson he did come and he looked so very glum
As he talked of kingdom come—
Damn his eyes!

O, the sheriff he came, too, he came, too,
O, the sheriff he came, too, with his little boys in blue
Saying, "Sam, I'll see you through"—
Damn his eyes!

I saw Nellie in the crowd, in the crowd,
I saw Nellie in the crowd and I shouted right out loud,
"Say, Nellie, ain't you proud?"—
Damn your eyes!

So a swinging up I'll go, up I'll go,
So a swinging up I'll go while you people down below
Shout up, "Sam, I told you so."—
Damn your eyes!

THE SHANTY-MAN'S LIFE

LUMBERMAN'S SONG

Oh, a shanty-man's life is a wearisome life, although some think it void of care,
Swinging an ax from morning till night in the midst of the forests so drear.
Lying in the shanty bleak and cold while the cold stormy wintry winds blow,
And as soon as the daylight doth appear, to the wild woods we must go.

Oh, the cook rises up in the middle of the night saying, "Hurrah, brave boys, it's day."
Broken slumbers ofttimes are passed as the cold winter night whiles away.
Had we rum, wine or beer our spirits for to cheer as the days so lonely do dwine,
Or a glass of any shone while in the woods alone for to cheer up our troubled minds.

But when spring it does set in, double hardships then begin, when the waters are piercing cold,
And our clothes are dripping wet and fingers benumbed, and our pike-poles we scarcely can hold.
Betwixt rocks, shoals and sands give employment to all hands our well-banded raft for to steer,
And the rapids that we run, oh, they seem to us but fun, for we're void of all slavish fear.

Oh, a shanty lad is the only lad I love, and I never will deny the same.
My heart doth scorn these conceited farmer boys who think it a disgraceful name.
They may boast about their farms, but my shanty-boy has charms so far, far surpassing them all,
Until death it doth us part he shall enjoy my heart, let his riches be great or small.

THE SIEGE OF BELGRADE

An Austrian army. awfully array'd,
Boldly by battery besiege Belgrade;
Cossack commanders cannonading come,
Deal devastation's dire destructive doom;
Ev'ry endeavour engineers essay,
For fame, for freedom, fight, fierce furious fray.
Gen'rals 'gainst gen'rals grapple,—gracious God!
How honors Heav'n heroic hardihood!
Infuriate, indiscriminate in ill,
Just Jesus, instant innocence instill!
Kinsmen kill kinsmen, kindred kindred kill.
Labour low levels longest, loftiest lines;
Men march 'midst mounds, motes, mountains, murd'rous mines.
Now noisy, noxious numbers notice nought,
Of outward obstacles o'ercoming ought;
Poor patriots perish, persecution's pest!
Quite quiet Quakers "Quarter, quarter," quest;
Reason returns, religion, right, redounds,
Suwarow stop such sanguinary sounds!
Truce to thee, Turkey, terror to thy train!
Unwise, unjust, unmerciful Ukraine!

Vanish vile vengeance, vanish victory vain!
Why wish we warfare? wherefore welcome won
Xerxes, Xantippus, Xavier, Xenophon?
Yield, ye young Yaghier yeomen, yield your yell!
Zimmerman's, Zoroaster's, Zeno's zeal
Again attract; arts against arms appeal.
All, all ambitious aims, avaunt, away!
Et cetera, et cetera, et ceterae.

SIR PATRICK SPENS

I. The Sailing

The king sits in Dunfermline town
  Drinking the blude-red wine:
"O whare will I get a skeely skipper
  To sail this new ship o' mine?"

O up and spak an eldern knight,
  Sat at the king's right knee:
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
  That ever sailed the sea."

Our king has written a braid letter,
  And sealed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
  Was walking on the strand.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
  To Noroway over the faem;
The king's daughter o' Noroway,
  'Tis thou must bring her hame."

The first word that Sir Patrick read
  So loud, loud laughed he;

The neist word that Sir Patrick read
  The tear blinded his e'e.

"O wha is this has done this deed
  And tauld the king o' me,
To send us out, at this time o' year,
  To sail upon the sea?

"Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
  Our ship must sail the faem;
The king's daughter o' Noroway,
  'Tis we must fetch her hame."

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn
  Wi' a' the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway
  Upon a Wodensday.

II. The Return

"Mak ready, mak ready, my merry men a'!
  Our gude ship sails the morn."
"Now ever alack, my master dear,
  I fear a deadly storm.

"I saw the new moon late yestreen
  Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,
  I fear we'll come to harm."

They hadna sail'd a league, a league,
  A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
  And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmast sprang,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves cam owre the broken ship
Till a' her sides were torn.

"Go fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And let nae the sea come in."

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And they wrapped them round that gude ship's side,
But still the sea came in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To wet their cork-heeled shoon;
But lang or a' the play we played
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather bed
That flattered on the faem;
And mony was the gude lord's son
That never mair cam hame.

O lang, lang may the ladies sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit
Wi' their gowd kames in their hair,
A-waiting for their ain dear loves!
For them they'll see nae mair.

ANONYMOUS

Half-owre, half-owre to Aberdour,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep;
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet!

A SPARTAN'S DEATH

LIFELESS home upon his shield
Came the warrior from the field—
Seven his wounds, and frontward every one:
Calmly then his agèd sire
Laid the corse upon the pyre,
Speaking words of high desire,
"Tears for a craven's death, not thine, my son!
Tearless I will bury thee,
Child of Sparta and of me.
Well done! well done!"

Translated by A. J. Butler.

SONG OF THE HARPER

EGYPTIAN

The Poem that is in the Hall of the tomb of the King of the South and the King of the North, Antef: whose word is Truth, and is cut in front of the Harper.

O GOOD Prince, it is a decree,
And what hath been ordained thereby is well,
That the bodies of men shall pass away and disappear,
Whilst others remain.

Since the time of the oldest ancestors,
The gods who lived in olden time,

Who lie at rest in their sepulchres,
The Masters and also the Shining Ones,
Who have been buried in their splendid tombs,
Their place is no more.
Consider what hath become of them.

I have heard the words of Imhotep and Herutataf,
Which are treasured above everything because they uttered them.
Consider what hath become of their tombs.
Their walls have been thrown down:
Their places are no more:
They are just as if they had never existed.
Not one of them cometh from where they are.
Who can describe to us their form or condition?
Who can describe to us their surroundings?
Who can give comfort to our hearts?
And can act as our guide
To the place whereunto they have departed?

Give comfort to thy heart,
And let thy heart forget these things!
What is best for thee to do is
To follow thy heart's desire as long as thou livest.

Anoint thy head with scented unguents,
Let thy apparel be of byssus
Dipped in costly perfumes,
In the veritable products of the gods.
Enjoy thyself more than thou hast ever done before,
And let not thy heart pine for lack of pleasure.

Pursue thine heart's desire and thy own happiness.
Order thy surroundings on earth in such a way

That they may minister to the desire of thy heart:
For at length that day of lamentation shall come
Wherein he whose heart is still shall not hear the lamentation,
Never shall cries of grief cause
To beat again the heart of a man who is in the grave.
Therefore occupy thyself with thy pleasure daily,
And never cease to enjoy thyself.

Behold a man is not permitted
To carry his possessions away with him.
Behold there never was anyone who, having departed,
Was able to come back again.

Translated by E. A. Wallis Budge

A SONG FOR MUSIC

Weep you no more, sad fountains:—
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste!
But my Sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies,
Sleeping.

Sleeping is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets:—
Doth not the sun rise smiling,
When fair at even he sets?

—Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes!
Melt not in weeping!
While She lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies,
Sleeping!

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

Oh, de good ole chariot swing so low,—
I don't want to leave me behind.
O swing low, sweet chariot,
Swing low, sweet chariot,
I don't want to leave me behind.

Oh, de good ole chariot will take us all home,—
I don't want to leave me behind.
Swing low, sweet chariot, etc.

TEXAS RANGERS

Come, all you Texas rangers, wherever you may be,
I'll tell you of some troubles that happened unto me.
My name is nothing extra, so it I will not tell,—
And here's to all you rangers, I am sure I wish you well.

It was at the age of sixteen that I joined the jolly band,
We marched from San Antonio down to the Rio Grande.
Our captain he informed us, perhaps he thought it right,
"Before we reach the station, boys, you'll surely have to fight."

And when the bugle sounded our captain gave command,
"To arms, to arms," he shouted, "and by your horses stand."
I saw the smoke ascending, it seemed to reach the sky;
The first thought that struck me, my time had come to die.

I saw the Indians coming, I heard them give the yell;
My feelings at that moment, no tongue can ever tell.
I saw the glittering lances, their arrows round me flew,
And all my strength it left me and all my courage too.

We fought full nine hours before the strife was o'er,
The like of dead and wounded I never saw before.
And when the sun was rising and the Indians they had fled,
We loaded up our rifles and counted up our dead.

And all of us were wounded, our noble captain slain,
And the sun was shining sadly across the bloody plain.
Sixteen as brave rangers as ever roamed the West
Were buried by their comrades with arrows in their breast.

'Twas then I thought of mother, who to me in tears did say,
"To you they are all strangers, with me you had better stay."

I thought that she was childish, the best she did not know;
My mind was fixed on ranging and I was bound to go.

Perhaps you have a mother, likewise a sister too,
And maybe you have a sweetheart to weep and mourn for you;
If that be your situation, although you'd like to roam,
I'd advise you by experience, you had better stay at home.

I have seen the fruits of rambling, I know its hardships well;
I have crossed the Rocky Mountains, rode down the streets of hell;
I have been in the great Southwest where the wild Apaches roam,
And I tell you from experience you had better stay at home.

And now my song is ended; I guess I have sung enough;
The life of a ranger I am sure is very tough.
And here's to all you ladies, I am sure I wish you well,
I am bound to go a-ranging, so ladies, fare you well.

THERE IS A LADY SWEET AND KIND

ENGLAND, 1607

THERE is a Lady sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleased my mind:
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die.

Her gesture, motion and her smiles,
Her wit, her voice my heart beguiles,
Beguiles my heart, I know not why,
And yet I love her till I die.

Cupid is wingèd and doth range,
Her country so my love doth change;
But change she earth, or change she sky,
Yet will I love her till I die.

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

THERE is a tavern in the town, in the town,
And there my dear love sits him down, sits him down
And drinks his wine 'mid laughter free,
And never, never thinks of me.
Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,
Do not let this parting grieve thee and remember that the best of friends must part, must part.

He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark,
Each Friday night they used to spark, used to spark,
And now my love, once true to me,
Takes that damsel on his knee.

CHORUS

Oh! Dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep,
Put tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet,
And on my breast carve a turtle dove,
To signify I died of love.

THERE SHE BLOWS!

Lo, as the sun from his ocean bed rising
Wide o'er the water his glitt'ring beam throws,
Hark! from the masthead a voice cheer'ly crying,
"Hard on our lee-beam, a whale there she blows!"
Call up your sleepers then, lar-board and star-board men,
Main yard a-back and your boats lower away,
Broad on our lee-beam, see the white water gleam,
Wreathing its foam in a garland of spray!

Lo, the leviathan in vastness is lying,
Making the ocean his voluptuous bed;
While o'er and around him the sea birds are flying,
Dark, foaming billows dash over his head.
Now each man watch with care, there goes his flukes in air;
Slowly but stately he sinks in the main.
Now peak your oars a while, rest from your weary toil,
Waiting and watching his rising again.

Now row, hearties, row as you love your salvation;
Row, hearties, row, let your reeking sweat flow.

Give to your blood a free circulation,
Bend to your oars, lads, give way all you know.
Now see each boat advance, eager to gain first chance,
Fleeting like shadows o'er the blue main.
"Stand up an' give him some, send both your irons home;
Cheerily stern all, trim the boat, give him the line."

Gallied and sore, fins and flukes in commotion,
Blackskin and boats are cleaving the spray,
While long, loud, and shrill winds his pipe o'er the ocean,
Frightened, bewildered, he brings to in dismay.
Now haul line, every man, gather in all you can,
As lances and spades from your thwarts clear away.
Now take your oars again, each and every man
As safely and surely we hold him in play.

The power of man o'er the king of the ocean
Is shown by the end when we gain our desire;
For a lance in his life creates a commotion.
Slowly he sinks with his chimney on fire.
Hear now the glad shout, from each and every seaman out,
Matching the billow's most turbulent roar.
From his spouthole on high, see the red signal fly.
Slowly he dies and the battle is o'er.

THOMAS THE RHYMER

TRUE Thomas lay on Huntly bank,—
A ferlie he spied wi' his ee:
And there he saw a Lady bright
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

Her shirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fine;
At ilka tett of her horse's mane
Hung fifty silver bells and nine.

True Thomas he pull'd aff his cap,
And louted low down to his knee:
"All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven!
For thy peer on earth I never did see."

"O no, O no, Thomas!" she said
"That name does not belang to me,—
I am but the Queen of fair Elf-land
That am hither come to visit thee.

"Harp and carp, Thomas!" she said:
"Harp and carp along wi' me!
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your bodie I will be."

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird shall never daunton me."
Syne he has kiss'd her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

"Now ye maun go wi' me," she said,—
"True Thomas! ye maun go wi' me;

And ye maun serve me seven years,
Through weal or woe as may chance to be."

She's mounted on her milk-white steed,—
She's ta'en true Thomas up behind;
And aye, whenever her bridle rang,
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

O, they rode on, and farther on
(The steed gaed swifter than the wind),
Until they reach'd a desert wide,
And living land was left behind.

"Light down, light down now true Thomas!
And lean your head upon my knee!
Abide and rest a little space!
And I will show you ferlies three.

"O, see ye not yon narrow road
So thick beset with thorns and briars?
That is the path of Righteousness,
Though after it but few inquires.

"And see ye not that braid braid road
That lies across that lily leven?
That is the path of Wickedness,
Though some call it the road to heaven.

"And see not ye that bonnie road
That winds around the ferny brae?
That is the road to fair Elf-land,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

"But, Thomas! ye maun hold your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see:
For if you speak word in Elfin-land
Ye'll ne'er get back to your ain countrie."

O, they rode on, and farther on,
And they waded through rivers aboon the knee,
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk mirk night, there was nae stern-light,
And they waded through red blude to the knee:
For a' the blude that's shed on earth
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came on to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree;
"Take this for thy wages, true Thomas!
It will give thee the tongue that can never lee."

"My tongue is mine ain," true Thomas said:
"A goodly gift ye wad gie to me!
I neither dought to buy nor sell
At fair or tryst where I may be.

"I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair ladie."
"Now hold thy peace!" the Lady said:
"For as I say, so it must be."

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green:
And till seven years were gane and past
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

THREE GRAINS OF CORN

Give me three grains of corn, mother
Only three grains of corn.
'Twill keep what little life I have
Till the coming of the morn.

For I'm dying of hunger and cold, mother,
Dying of hunger and cold,
And the agony of such a death
My lips have never told.

Oh, what has old Ireland done, mother,
Oh, what has old Ireland done,
That the world looks on and sees them starve,
Perishing one by one?

There is many a brave heart, mother,
That is dying of hunger and cold,
While only across the channel, mother,
Thousands are rolling their gold.

Oh, how can I look to you, mother,
Oh, how can I look to you
For bread to feed your starving child
When you are starving too?

For I read the famine on your cheek
And in your eyes so wild,
And I felt it in your bony hand
When you laid it on your child.

It has gnawed like a wolf at my heart, mother,
A wolf that was fierce for blood,

All the livelong day and the night beside,
Gnawing for lack of food.

I dreamed of bread in my sleep, mother,
The sight was heaven to see.
I awoke with an eager and famishing lip
And you had no bread for me.

TOM-O'-BEDLAM'S SONG

From the hag and hungry goblin
That into rage would rend ye,
  And the spirit that stands
  By the naked man
In the book of moons, defend ye,
That of your five sound senses
You never be forsaken,
  Nor wander from
  Yourself with Tom,
Abroad to beg your bacon.

I know more than Apollo;
For oft, when he lies sleeping,
  I behold the stars,
  At mortal wars,
And the rounded welkin weeping.

The moon's my constant mistress,
And the lovely owl my morrow;
  The flaming drake
  And night-crow make
Me music to my sorrow.

ANONYMOUS

When I want provant, with Humphrey
I sup, and when benighted
  I repose in Paul's
  With waking souls,
Yet never am affrighted.

With a host of furious fancies
Whereof I am commander,
  With a burning spear
  And a horse of air
To the wilderness I wander.

By a knight of ghosts and shadows
I summoned am to tourney
  Ten leagues beyond
  The wide world's end—
Methinks it is no journey.

TURKEY IN THE STRAW

As I was a-gwine down the road,
Tired team and a heavy load,
Crack my whip and the leader sprung;
I says day-day to the wagon tongue.
  Turkey in the straw, turkey in the hay,
  Roll 'em up and twist 'em up a high tuckahaw,
  And hit 'em up a tune called Turkey in the Straw.

Went out to milk and I didn't know how,
I milked the goat instead of the cow.
A monkey sittin' on a pile of straw
A-winkin' at his mother-in-law.
  Turkey in the straw, turkey in the hay, etc.

Met Mr. Catfish comin' down stream,
Says Mr. Catfish, "What does you mean?"
Caught Mr. Catfish by the snout
And turned Mr. Catfish wrong side out.
Turkey in the straw, turkey in the hay, etc.

Came to the river and I couldn't get across
Paid five dollars for an old blind hoss
Wouldn't go ahead, nor he wouldn't stand still
So he went up and down like an old saw mill.
Turkey in the straw, turkey in the hay, etc.

As I came down the new cut road
Met Mr. Bullfrog, met Miss Toad
And every time Miss Toad would sing
Ole Bullfrog cut a pigeon wing.
Turkey in the straw, turkey in the hay, etc.

O I jumped in the seat, and I gave a little yell,
The horses run away, broke the wagon all to hell;
Sugar in the gourd and honey in the horn,
I never was so happy since the hour I was born.
Turkey in the straw, turkey in the hay, etc.

UNALTERABLE

JAPANESE

Two things cannot alter,
Since Time was, nor today:
The flowing of water;
And Love's strange, sweet way.

Translated by Lafcadio Hearn

THE UNFAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS

While that the sun with his beams hot
Scorchéd the fruits in vale and mountain,
Philon the shepherd, late forgot,
Sitting beside a crystal fountain,
In shadows of a green oak tree
Upon his pipe this song play'd he:
Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love,
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love;
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

So long as I was in your sight
I was your heart, your soul, and treasure;
And evermore you sobb'd and sigh'd
Burning in flames beyond all measure;
—Three days endured your love to me,
And it was lost in other three!
Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love,
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love;
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

Another Shepherd you did see
To whom your heart was soon enchainéd;
Full soon your love was leapt from me,
Full soon my place he had obtainéd.
Soon came a third, your love to win,
And we were out and he was in.
Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love,
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love;
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

Sure you have made me passing glad
That you your mind so soon removéd,

Before that I the leisure had
To choose you for my best belovéd:
For all your love was past and done
Two days before it was begun:—
Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love,
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love;
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

UNWELCOME

JAPANESE

OLD age is not a friend I care to see.
If some day he should come to visit me,
I'll bar the door, and shout,
"Most Honored Guest, I'm out."

WAL, I SWAN

I RUN the old mill over here in Reubensville,
My name's Joshua Ebenezer Frye;
I know a thing or two, just bet your boots I do,
Can't fool me 'cause I'm too darn spry.
I've met your bunco men, always got the best of them;
Once I met a couple on a Boston train.
They says, "How be you?" I says, "That'll do—
Travel right along with your darned skinned game!"

CHORUS

Wal, I swan, I must be getting on;
Git up, Napoleon, it looks like rain;
Wal, I'll be switched, the hay ain't pitched—
Come in when you're over to the farm again.

I drove the old mare over to the country fair,
Took first prize on a load of Summer squash.
Stopped at the cider mill coming over by the hill—
Come home tighter than a drum, by gosh!
I was so darned full I gave away the old bull,
Dropped both reins clean out on the fill;
Got home so darned late couldn't find the barn gate,
Ma says, "Joshua, 'tain't poss-i-bill!"

CHORUS

We had a big show here about a week ago,
Pitched up a tent by the old mill dam;
Ma says, "Let's go in to see the side show—
Just take a look at the tattooed man."
I see a cuss look sharp at my pocketbook,
Says, "Gimme two tens for a five?"
says, "You darn fool, I be the constable—
Now you're arrested sure as you're alive!"

CHORUS

I drove the old bay into town yesterday,
Hitched her up to the railroad fence;
Tied her good and strong, but a train came along—
I ain't seen the horse or the wagon sense.
Had to foot it home, so I started off alone,
When a man says, "Hurry, your barn's on fire!"
Wal, I had the key in my pocket, you see,
So I knew the cuss was a fool or a liar.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

O PADDY, dear, and did you hear the news that's
going round,
The Shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish
ground;
Saint Patrick's day no more we'll keep,
His color can't be seen
For there's a bloody law agin' the wearin' o' the
green.
I met with Napper Tandy and he tuk me by the hand,
And he said, "How's poor ould Ireland, and how
does she stand?
She's the most distressful country that ever you
have seen;
They're hanging men and women there for wearing
of the green.

Then since the color we must wear is England's
cruel red,
Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that
they have shed,
You may take the Shamrock from your hat, and cast
it on the sod,
But 'twill take root and flourish still, tho' under
foot 'tis trod.
When the law can stop the blades of grass from
growing as they grow,
And when the leaves in summer time their verdure
dare not show,
Then I will change the color I wear in my caubeen,
But, till that day, I'll stick for aye to wearing of
the green.

ANONYMOUS

WIDDECOMBE FAIR

"Tom Pearse, Tom Pearse, lend me your gray mare,"
All along, down along, out along, lee.
"For I want for to go to Widdecombe Fair,
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all.

"And when shall I see again my gray mare?"
All along, down along, out along, lee.
"By Friday soon, or Saturday noon,
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all."
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all.

Then Friday came and Saturday noon,
All along, down along, out along, lee.
But Tom Pearse's old mare hath not trotted home,
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all.
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all.

So Tom Pearse he got up to the top o' the hill,
All along, down along, out along, lee.
And he seed his old mare down a-making her will,
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all.
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all.

So Tom Pearse's old mare her took sick and her died,
All along, down along, out along, lee.
And Tom he sat down on a stone, and he cried
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all.
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all.

But this isn't the end o' this shocking affair,
All along, down along, out along, lee.
Nor, though they be dead, of the horrid career
Of Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all.
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all.

When the wind whistles cold on the moor of a night,
All along, down along, out along, lee.
Tom Pearse's old mare doth appear, ghastly white,
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all.
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all.

And all the long night he heard skirling and groans,
All along, down along, out along, lee.
From Tom Pearse's old mare in her rattling bones,
And from Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all.
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all.

THE WHISTLER

"You have heard," said a youth to his sweetheart, who stood
While he sat on a corn-sheaf, at daylight's decline—
"You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood;
I wish that the Danish boy's whistle were mine!"

"And what would you do with it?—tell me," she said,
While an arch smile play'd over her beautiful face.
"I would blow it," he answered, "and then my fair maid
Would fly to my side, and would there take her place."

"Is that all you wish for? Why, that may be yours
Without any magic," the fair maiden cried;
"A favour so slight one's good-nature secures;"
And she playfully seated herself by his side.

"I would blow it again," said the youth; "and the charm
Would work so, that not even modesty's check
Would be able to keep from my neck your white arm."
She smiled, and she laid her white arm round his neck.

"Yet once more I would blow, and the music divine
Would bring me a third time an exquisite bliss
You would lay your fair cheek to this brown one of mine
And your lips, stealing past it, would give me a kiss."

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee—
"What a fool of yourself with the whistle you'd make!
For only consider how silly 'twould be
To sit there and whistle for what you might take."

WOINOMINEN'S MUSIC

FINNISH

THEN the ancient Woinomoinen
On the bench himself he seated;
Took the harp betwixt his fingers;
On his knee about he turn'd it,
In his hand he fitly placed it.
Play'd the ancient Woinomoinen,
Universal joy awaking.
Like a concert was his playing:
There was nothing in the forest,
On four nimble feet that runneth,
On four lengthy legs that stalketh,
But repair'd to hear the music
When the ancient Woinomoinen,
When the Father joy awaken'd;
Even, at Woinomoinen's harping,
'Gainst the hedge the bear up-bounded.

There was nothing in the forest,
On two whirling pinions flying,
But with whirlwind speed did hasten;
There was nothing in the ocean,
With six fins about that roweth,
Or with eight to move delighteth,
But repair'd to hear the music;
Even the briny water's Mother
'Gainst the beach breast-forward cast her,
On a little sand-hill raised her,
On her side with toil up-crawling.
Even from Woinomoinen's eye-balls
Tears of heart-felt pleasure trickled,
Bigger than the whortle-berry,
Heavier than the eggs of plovers,
Down his broad and mighty bosom,
Kneeward from his bosom flowing,
From his knee his feet bedewing;
And I've heard, his tears they trickled
Through the five wool-wefts of thickness,
Through his jackets eight of wadmal.

Translated by George Borrow.

A YANKEE 'BLOOD BOAT'

A Yankee ship came down the river—
Blow, boys, blow!
A Yankee ship came down the river—
Blow, boys, bully boys, blow!

And who do you think was skipper of her?
Why, Bully Hayes, him and no other!

And who do you think was chief mate of her?
Why, Shanghai Brown, the sailor robber!

And what do you think they got for their dinner?
Why, handspike hash, as I'm a sinner!

And what do you think they got for their suppers?
Belaying pin soup and a roll in the scuppers!

Oh blow, my boys, and blow for ever—
Blow, boys, blow!
And blow her home to the Hudson River!
Blow, boys, bully boys, blow!

WATER BOY

WATER boy,
Where are you hidin'?
Ef you don' come
I'm gwine to tell yo' mammy.

Dere ain't no hammer
Dat's on dis mountain,
That rings like mine, boys,
That rings like mine.
Done bus' these rocks, boys,
From here to Macon,
All de way to the jail, boys,
Yes, back to the jail.

You, jack of diamonds,
You, jack of diamonds,
Now I know yo' of old, boy,
Yes, I know you of old.

ANONYMOUS

You rob my pockets,
Yes, you rob my pockets,
You done rob my pockets
Of silver and gold.

Water boy,
Where are you hidin'?
Ef you don't come
I'm gwine to tell yo' mammy.

BACK AND SIDE GO BARE, GO BARE!

Back and side go bare, go bare!
Both foot and hand grow cold;
But belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I nothing am a-cold.
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side go bare, go bare
Both foot and hand grow cold;
But belly, God send thee ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I have no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire;

A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I do not desire.

No frost nor snow, nor wind I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold;
I am so wrapped, and thoroughly lapped,
Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side go bare, etc.

And Tib my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek;
Then doth she trowl to me the bowl,
Even as a maltworm should,
And saith, Sweetheart, I took my part
Of this jolly good ale and old.

Back and side go bare, etc.

Then let them drink till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to:
And all poor souls that have scoured bowls,
Or have them lustily trowled,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.

JESSE JAMES

Jesse James was a lad that killed a-many a man;
He robbed the Danville train.
But that dirty little coward that shot Mr. Howard
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.

Poor Jesse had a wife to mourn for his life,
Three children, they were brave.
But that dirty little coward that shot Mr. Howard
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.

It was Robert Ford, that dirty little coward,
I wonder how he does feel,
For he ate of Jesse's bread and he slept in Jesse's bed,
Then laid poor Jesse in his grave.

Jesse was a man, a friend to the poor,
He never would see a man suffer pain;
And with his brother Frank he robbed the Chicago bank,
And stopped the Glendale train.

It was his brother Frank that robbed the Gallatin bank,
And carried the money from the town;
It was in this very place that they had a little race,
For they shot Captain Sheets to the ground.

They went to the crossing not very far from there,
And there they did the same;
With the agent on his knees, he delivered up the keys
To the outlaws, Frank and Jesse James.

It was on Wednesday night, the moon was shining bright,
They robbed the Glendale train;
The people they did say, for many miles away,
It was robbed by Frank and Jesse James.

It was on Saturday night, Jesse was at home
Talking with his family brave,
Robert Ford came along like a thief in the night
And laid poor Jesse in his grave.

The people held their breath when they heard of Jesse's death,
And wondered how he ever came to die.
It was one of the gang called little Robert Ford,
He shot poor Jesse on the sly.

Jesse went to his rest with his hand on his breast;
The devil will be upon his knee.
He was born one day in the county of Clay
And came from a solitary race.

This song was made by Billy Gashade,
As soon as the news did arrive;
He said there was no man with the law in his hand
Who could take Jesse James when alive.

KENDALL BANNING

1879—

ONCE ON A TIME

Once on a time, once on a time,
Before the Dawn began,
There was a nymph of Dian's train
Who was beloved of Pan;
Once on a time a peasant lad
Who loved a lass at home;
Once on a time a Saxon king
Who loved a queen of Rome.

The world has but one song to sing,
And it is ever new,
The first and last of all the songs,
For it is ever true;
A little song, a tender song,
The only song it hath;
"There was a youth of Ascalon
Who loved a girl of Gath."

A thousand, thousand years have gone,
And æons still shall pass,
Yet shall the world forever sing
Of him who loved a lass—
An olden song, a golden song,
And sing it unafraid;
"There was a youth, once on a time,
Who dearly loved a maid."

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM

1788—1845

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS

The Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair!
Bishop, and Abbot, and Prior were there;
Many a monk, and many a friar,
Many a knight and many a squire,
With a great many more of lesser degree—
In sooth, a goodly company;
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee
Never, I ween,
Was a prouder seen,
Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!

In and out
Through the motley rout,
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about;
Here and there,
Like a dog in a fair,
Over comfits and cates,
And dishes and plates,
Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
Mitre and crosier, he hopped upon all!
With saucy air,
He perched on the chair
Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;
And he peered in the face
Of his Lordship's grace,
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,

"We two are the greatest folks here to-day!"
And the priests, with awe,
As such freaks they saw,
Said, "The devil must be in that little Jackdaw!"

The feast was over, the board was cleared,
The flawns and the custards had all disappeared,
And six little singing-boys—dear little souls!
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,
Came, in order due,
Two by two,
Marching that grand refectory through!

A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Embossed and filled with water, as pure
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
Carried lavender-water and eau-de-Cologne;
And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.
One little boy more
A napkin bore,
Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink.
And a cardinal's hat marked in "permanent ink."

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys dressed all in white.
From his finger he draws
His costly turquoise,
And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
Deposits it straight
By the side of his plate,

While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait;
Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring!

There's a cry and a shout,
And a deuce of a rout,
And nobody seems to know what they're about,
But the monks have their pockets all turned inside out;
The friars are kneeling,
And hunting and feeling
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.
The Cardinal drew
Off each plum-coloured shoe,
And left his red stockings exposed to the view;
He peeps and he feels,
In the toes and the heels;
They turn up the dishes, they turn up the plates,
They take up the poker and poke out the grates,
They turn up the rugs,
They examine the mugs—
But no! no such thing;
They can't find THE RING!
And the Abbot declared that "when nobody twigged it,
Some rascal or other had popped in and prigged it."

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He called for his candle, his bell, and his book!
In holy anger, and pious grief,
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed;
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head;

He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright;
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking.
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying;
He cursed him in living, he cursed him in dying!—
Never was heard such a terrible curse!
But, what gave rise
To no little surprise,
Nobody seemed one penny the worse!

The day was gone,
The night came on,
The monks and the friars they searched till dawn;
When the Sacristan saw,
On crumpled claw,
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw;
No longer gay,
As on yesterday;
His feathers all seemed to be turned the wrong way;
His pinions drooped, he could hardly stand,
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand;
His eye so dim,
So wasted each limb,
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried "THAT'S HIM!
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing!
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's ring!"

The poor little Jackdaw,
When the monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw,
And turned his bald head, as much as to say,
"Pray be so good as to walk this way!"
Slower and slower
He limped on before,
Till they came to the back of the belfry door,
Where the first thing they saw,
Midst the sticks and the straw,
Was the RING in the nest of that little Jackdaw!

Then the great Lord Cardinal called for his book,
And off that terrible curse he took;
The mute expression
Served in lieu of confession,
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!
When these words were heard,
That poor little bird
Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd;
He grew sleek and fat;
In addition to that,
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!

His tail waggled more
Even than before;
But no longer it wagged with an impudent air,
No longer he perched on the Cardinal's chair,
He hopped now about
With a gait devout;
At matins, at vespers, he never was out;

And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
He always seemed telling the Confessor's beads.

If any one lied, or if any one swore,
Or slumbered in prayer-time and happened to snore,
That good Jackdaw
Would give a great "Caw!"
As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!"
While many remarked, as his manners they saw,
That they "never had known such a pious Jackdaw!"
He long lived the pride
Of that country side,
And at last in the odour of sanctity died;
When, as words were too faint
His merits to paint,
The Conclave determined to make him a Saint;
And on newly-made Saints and Popes, as you know,
It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,
So they canonised him by the name of Jim Crow!

ANNA LŒTITIA BARBAULD

1843—

LIFE

Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me's a secret yet.

Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;

—Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good Night,—but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good Morning!

ELSA BARKER

THE FROZEN GRAIL

(*To Peary and his men, before the last expedition.*)

WHY sing the legends of the Holy Grail,
The dead crusaders of the Sepulchre,
While these men live? Are the great bards all dumb?
Here is a vision to shake the blood of Song,
And make Fame's watchman tremble at his post.

What shall prevail against the spirit of man,
When cold, the lean and snarling wolf of hunger,
The threatening spear of ice-mailed Solitude,
Silence, and space, and ghostly-footed Fear
Prevail not? Dante, in his frozen hell
Shivering, endured no bleakness like the void
These men have warmed with their own flaming will,
And peopled with their dreams. The wind from fierce
Arcturus in their faces, at their backs
The whip of the world's doubt, and in their souls
Courage to die—if death shall be the price
Of that cold cup that will assuage their thirst,
They climb, and fall, and stagger toward the goal.
They lay themselves the road whereby they travel,
And sue God for a franchise. Does He watch
Behind the lattice of the boreal lights?
In that grail-chapel of their stern-vowed quest,

Ninety of God's long paces toward the North,
Will they behold the splendour of His face?

To conquer the world must man renounce the world?
These have renounced it. Had ye only faith
Ye might move mountains, said the Nazarene.
Why, these have faith to move the zones of man
Out to the point where All and Nothing meet.
They catch the bit of Death between their teeth,
In one wild dash to trample the unknown
And leap the gates of knowledge. They have dared
Even to defy the sentinel that guards
The doors of the forbidden—dared to hurl
Their breathing bodies after the Ideal,
That like the heavenly kingdom must be taken
Only by violence. The star that leads
The leader of this quest has held the world
True to its orbit for a million years.

And shall he fail? They never fail who light
Their lamp of faith at the unwavering flame
Burnt for the altar service of the Race
Since the beginning. He shall find the strange—
The white immaculate Virgin of the North,
Whose steady gaze no mortal ever dared,
Whose icy hand no human ever grasped.
In the dread silence and the solitude
She waits and listens through the centuries
For one indomitable, destined soul,
Born to endure the glory of her eyes,
And lift his warm lips to the frozen Grail.

RICHARD BARNEFIELD

1574—1627

PHILOMEL

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring;
Everything did banish moan
Save the Nightingale alone:
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty
That to hear it was great pity.
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry;
Teru, teru, by and by;
That to hear her so complain
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs so lively shown
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah! thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee,
Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee:
King Pandion, he is dead,
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;
All thy fellow birds do sing
Careless of thy sorrowing:
Even so, poor bird, like thee
None alive will pity me.

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

FRENCH

1821—1867

THE BALCONY

Mother of memories, mistress of mistresses,
O thou, my pleasure, thou, all my desire,
Thou shalt recall the beauty of caresses,
The charm of evenings, by the gentle fire,
Mother of memories, mistress of mistresses.

The eves illumined by the burning coal,
The balcony where veiled rose-vapor clings—
How soft your breast was then, how sweet your soul!
Ah, and we said imperishable things,
Those eves illumined by the burning coal.

Lovely the suns were in those twilights warm,
A space profound, and strong life's pulsing flood,
In bending o'er you, queen of every charm,
I thought I breathed the perfume in your blood.
The suns were beauteous in those twilights warm.

The film of night flowed round and over us,
And my eyes in the dark did your eyes meet;
I drank your breath, ah! sweet and poisonous,
And in my hands fraternal slept your feet—
Night, like a film, flowed round and over us.

I can recall those happy days forgot,
And see, with head bowed on your knees, my past.
Your languid beauties now would move me not
Did not your gentle heart and body cast
The old spell of those happy days forgot.

Can vows and perfumes, kisses infinite,
  Be reborn from the gulf we cannot sound;
As rise to heaven suns once again made bright
  After being plunged in deep seas and profound?
Ah, vows and perfumes, kisses infinite!

Translated by F. P. Sturm

ROBED IN A SILKEN ROBE

Robed in a silken robe that shines and shakes,
  She seems to dance whene'er she treads the sod,
Like the long serpent that a fakir makes
  Dance to the waving cadence of a rod.

As the sad sand upon the desert's verge,
  Insensible to mortal grief and strife;
As the long weeds that float among the surge,
  She folds indifference round her budding life.

Her eyes are carved of minerals pure and cold,
And in her strange symbolic nature where
An angel mingles with the sphinx of old,
Where all is gold and steel and light and air,
Forever, like a star, unafraid
Shines, the cold hauteur of the sterile maid.

Translated by F. P. Sturm

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES

1803—1849

DREAM-PEDLARY

If there were dreams to sell,
What would you buy?
Some cost a passing bell;
Some a light sigh,
That shakes from Life's fresh crown
Only a rose-leaf down.
If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the crier rang the bell,
What would you buy?

A cottage lone and still,
With bowers nigh,
Shadowy, my woes to still,
Until I die.

Such pearl from Life's fresh crown
Fain would I shake me down.
Were dreams to have at will,
This would best heal my ill,
This would I buy.

ETHEL LYNN BEERS

1827—1879

ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.

'T is nothing—a private or two now and then
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fire, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh of the gentle night-wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard, for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,
For their mother; may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night, when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips—when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree,
  The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
  Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
  Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle . . . "Ha! Mary, good-bye!"
  The red life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night;
  No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
  The picket's off duty forever!

HILAIRE BELLOC

1870—

TARANTELLA

Do you remember an Inn,
Miranda?
Do you remember an Inn?
And the tedding and the spreading
Of the straw for a bedding,
And the fleas that tease in the High Pyrenees,
And the wine that tasted of the tar?
And the cheers and the jeers of the young muleteers
(Under the dark of the vine verandah)?

Do you remember an Inn, Miranda,
Do you remember an Inn?
And the cheers and the jeers of the young muleteers
Who hadn't got a penny,

And who weren't paying any,
And the hammer at the doors and the Din?
And the Hip! Hop! Hap!
Of the clap
Of the hands to the twirl and the swirl
Of the girl gone chancing,
Glancing,
Dancing,
Backing and advancing,
Snapping of the clapper to the spin
Out and in—
And the Ting, Tong, Tang of the guitar!
Do you remember an Inn,
Miranda?
Do you remember an Inn?

Never more;
Miranda,
Never more.
Only the high peaks hoar:
And Aragon a torrent at the door.
No sound
In the walls of the Halls where falls
The tread
Of the feet of the dead to the ground.
No sound:
Only the boom
Of the far Waterfall like Doom.

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

1898—

ADAM

ADAM was my grandfather,
A tall, spoiled child,
A red, clay tower
In Eden, green and mild.
He ripped the Sinful Pippin
From its sanctimonious limb.
Adam was my grandfather—
And I take after him.

Noah was my uncle
And he got dead drunk.
There were planets in his liquor-can
And lizards in his bunk.
He fell into the Bottomless
Past Hell's most shrinking star.
Old Aunt Fate has often said
How much alike we are.

Lilith, she's my sweetheart
Till my heartstrings break,
Most of her is honey-pale
And all of her is snake.
Sweet as secret thievery,
I kiss her all I can,
While Somebody Above remarks
"That's not a nice young man!"

Bacchus was my brother,
Nimrod is my friend.

All of them have talked to me
On how such courses end.
But when His Worship takes me up
How can I fare but well?
For who in gaudy Hell will care?
—And I shall be in Hell.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

1886—

THE FALCONER OF GOD

I FLUNG my soul to the air like a falcon flying.
I said, "Wait on, wait on, while I ride below!
I shall start a heron soon
In the marsh beneath the moon—
A strange white heron rising with silver on its wing
Rising and crying
Wordless, wondrous things;
The secret of the stars, of the world's heart-strin
The answer to their woe.
Then stoop thou upon him, and grip and hold hi
so!"

My wild soul waited on as falcons hover.
I beat the reedy fens as I trampled past.
I heard the mournful loon
In the marsh beneath the moon.
And then, with feathery thunder, the bird of m
desire
Broke from the cover
Flashing silver fire.
High up among the stars I saw his pinions spi

The pale clouds gazed aghast
As my falcon stooped upon him, and gripped and held him fast.

My soul dropped through the air—with heavenly plunder?— .
Gripping the dazzling bird my dreaming knew?
Nay! but a piteous freight,
A dark and heavy weight
Despoiled of silver plumage, its voice forever stilled,—
All of the wonder
Gone that ever filled
Its guise with glory. O bird that I have killed,
How brilliantly you flew
Across my rapturous vision when first I dreamed of you!

Yet I fling my soul on high with new endeavor,
And I ride the world below with a joyful mind.
I shall start a heron soon
In the marsh beneath the moon—
A wondrous silver heron its inner darkness fledges!
I beat forever
The fens and the sedges.
The pledge is still the same—for all disastrous pledges,
All hopes resigned!
My soul still flies above me for the quarry it shall find!

BEOWULF

EIGHTH CENTURY SAXON

BOOK XII

Came then from the moor-land, all under the mist-bents,
Grendel a-going there, bearing God's anger.
The scather the ill one was minded of mankind
To have one in his toils from the high hall aloft.
'Neath the welkin he waded, to the place whence the wine-house,
The gold-hall of men, most yarely he wist
With gold-plates fair colour'd; nor was it the first time
That he unto Hrothgar's high home had betook him.
Never he in his life-days, either erst or thereafter,
Of warriors more hardy or hall-thanes had found.
Came then to the house the wight on his ways,
Of all joys bereft, and soon sprang the door open,
With fire-bands made fast, when with hand he had touch'd it;
Brake the bale-heedy, he with wrath bollen,
The mouth of the house there, and early thereafter
On the shiny-fleck'd floor thereof trod forth the fiend;
On went he then mood-wroth, and out from his eyes stood
Likest to fire-flame light full unfair.
In the high house beheld he a many of warriors,
A host of men sib all sleeping together,
Of man-warriors a heap; then laugh'd out his mood;
In mind deem'd he to sunder, or ever came day,

The monster, the fell one, from each of the men there
The life from the body; for befell him a boding
Of fulfilment of feeding; but weird now it was not
That he any more of mankind thenceforward
Should eat, that night over. Huge evil beheld then
The Hygelac's kinsman, and how the foul scather
All with his fear-grips would fare there before him;
How never the monster was minded to tarry,
For speedily gat he, and at the first stour,
A warrior a-sleeping, and unaware slit him,
Bit his bone-coffer, drank blood a-streaming,
Great gobbets swallow's in; thenceforth soon had he
Of the unliving one every whit eaten
To hands and feet even: then forth strode he nigher,
And took hold with his hand upon him the high-hearted,
The warrior a-resting; reach'd out to himwards
The fiend with his hand, gat fast on him rathely
With thought of all evil, and besat him his arm.
Then swiftly was finding the herdsman of foul deeds
That forsooth he had met not in Middle-garth ever,
In the parts of the earth, in any man else
A hand-grip more mighty; then wax'd he of mood
Heart-fearful, but none the more outward might he;
Hence-eager his heart was to the darkness to hie him,
And the devil-dray seek: not there was his service
E'en such as he found in his life-days before.
Then to heart laid the good one, the Hygelac's kinsman,
His speech of the even-tide; uplong he stood
And fast with him grappled, till bursted his fingers.
The eoten was out-fain, but on strode the earl.

The mighty fiend minded was, whereso he might,
To wind him about more widely away thence,
And flee fenwards; he found then the might of his fingers
In the grip of the fierce one; sorry faring was that
Which he, the harm-scather, had taken to Hart.
The warrior-hall dinn'd now; unto all Danes there waxed,
To the castle-abiders, to each of the keen ones,
To all earls, as an ale-dearth. Now angry were both
Of the fierce mighty warriors, far rang out the hall-house;
Then mickled the wonder it was that the wine-hall
Withstood the two war-deer, nor welter'd to earth
The fair earthly dwelling; but all fast was it builded
Within and without with the banding of iron
By crafty thought smithy'd. But there from the sill bow'd
Fell many a mead-bench, by hearsay of mine,
With gold well adorned, where strove they the wrothful.
Hereof never ween'd they, the wise of the Scyldings,
That ever with might should any of men
The excellent, bone-dight, break into pieces,
Or unlock with cunning, save the light fire's embracing
In smoke should it swallow. So uprose the roar
New and enough; now fell on the North-Danes
Ill fear and the terror, on each and on all men,
Off them who from wall-top hearken'd the weeping,
Even God's foeman singing the fear-lay,
The triumphless song, and the wound-bewailing

Of the thrall of the Hell; for there now fast held
him
He who of men of main was the mightiest
In that day which is told of, the day of this life.

BEOWULF
BOOK XIII

NAUGHT would the earl's help for anything thence-
forth
That murder-comer yet quick let loose of,
Nor his life-days forsooth to any of folk
Told he for useful. Out then drew full many
Of Beowulf's earls the heir-loom of old days,
For their lord and their master's fair life would
they ward,
That mighty of princes, if so might they do it.
For this did they know not when they the strife dreed,
Those hardy-minded men of the battle,
And on every half there thought to be hewing,
And search out his soul, that the ceaseless scather
Not any on earth of the choice of all irons,
Not one of the war-bills, would greet home for ever.
For he had forsworn him from victory-weapons,
And each one of edges. But his sundering of soul
In the days that we tell of, the day of this life,
Should be weary and woeful, the ghost wending else-
where
To the wielding of fiends to wend him afar.
Then found he out this, he who mickle erst made
Out of mirth of his mood unto children of men
And had fram'd many crimes, he the foeman of God,
That the body of him would not bide to avail him,

But the hardy of mood, even Hygelacs kinsman,
Had him fast by the hand: now was each to the other
All loathly while living; his body-sore bided
The monster: was manifest now on his shoulder
The unceasing wound, sprang the sinews asunder,
The bone-lockers bursted. To Beowulf now
Was the battle-fame given; should Grendel thenceforth
Flee life-sick awayward and under the fen-bents
Seek his unmerry stead: now wist he more surely
That ended his life was, and gone over for ever,
His day-tale told out. But was for all Dane-folk
After that slaughter-race all their will done.
Then had he cleans'd for them, he the far-comer,
Wise and stout-hearted, the high hall of Hrothgar,
And sav'd it from war. So the night-work he joy'd in
And his doughty deed done. Yea, but he for the East-Danes
That lord of the Geat-folk his boast's end had gotten,
Withal their woes bygone all had he booted,
And the sorrow hate-fashion'd that afore they had dreed,
And the hard need and bitter that erst they must bear,
The sorrow unlittle. Sithence was clear token
When the deer of the battle laid down there the hand
The arm and the shoulder, and all there together
Of the grip of that Grendel 'neath the great roof upbuilded.

PIERRE JEAN DE BERANGER

FRENCH

1780—1857

LES SOUVENIRS DU PEUPLE

For many a year his glory
  Beneath the thatch shall fill our ears;
  The lowly roof in fifty years
Shall know no other story.
Village folk shall come and gaze,
  Cry to some old dame or other,—
With a tale of other days
  Come and kill the gloaming, mother!
Though he cost us life and limb,
Yet his people still revere him,
  Yes, revere him!
—Good-by, tell how you stood near him;
  Tell us now of him!

Children, through the village here
  He passed, with kings behind him;—
  Ah me, how well I mind him!
I first kept house that year.
Climbing up just where I sat
  On the hill to get a view;—
He had on a little hat,
  He had on a gray surtout.
How my head went round, so nigh him!
Says he, "Good day, my dear,
  Good day, my dear!"
—He spoke to you, goody, here!
He spoke to you, close by him?

The year after that again
I saw him in Paris one day,
My own poor self, on his way
To our Lady's with all his train.
All hearts were happy together
Admiring the flags and the drums;
All were saying, "What beautiful weather!
Heaven guards him wherever he comes!"
His smile was so gentle, too!
God had given him a little boy,
Given him a little boy!
—What a day for you, goody, of joy,
What a day of joy for you!

But when we had to yield
Our poor Champagne to strangers,
He, braving out all dangers,
Seemed holding alone the field,
As it might be to-day,—might be,—
One night comes a rap at the door.
I opened;—good God! it was he,
With one or two guards, not more,
He sat down in this very chair,
Crying out, "Oh, what a war!
Oh, what a war!"
—He sat, goody, just where you are?
He sat where you are, there!

"I am hungry," he says, and I get him
A hunch, and a posset to drink:
Then he dries his clothes, and the blink
Of the fire to sleep soon set him.
On waking he sees my eyes wet,

And says he, "Cheer up, and have heart!
I am off to avenge France yet
Under Paris, for all her smart."
He goes;—like a treasure found
I have kept his glass from that day,
Kept his glass from that day.
—Have it safe, goody, still, you say?
Have it safe and sound?

Here, see it! But all the while
The hero's hopes were drowned;
He, whom a pope had crowned,
Died in a desert isle.
For long none thought it could be;
Folk said, "He is going to appear;
He is come to us over the sea,
They shall know that their master is here."
When we came to find none of it true,
To me 'twas a sore distress!
'Twas a sore distress!
—Nay, goody, God will bless—
God will bless you.

Translated by James Robertson

THE KING OF YVETOT

There flourished once a potentate,
Whom history doesn't name;
He rose at ten, retired at eight,
And snored unknown to fame!
A night-cap for his crown he wore,
A common cotton thing,

Which Jeanette to his bedside bore,
This jolly little king!
Ho, ho, ho, ho! Ha, ha, ha, ha!
This jolly little king!

With four diurnal banquets he
His appetite allayed,
And on a jackass leisurely
His royal progress made.
No cumbrous state his steps would clog,
Fear to the winds he'd fling;
His single escort was a dog,
This jolly little king!
Ho, ho, ho, ho! Ha, ha, ha, ha!
This jolly little king!

He owned to only one excess,—
He doted on his glass,—
But when a king gives happiness,
Why that, you see, will pass!
On every bottle, small or great,
For which he used to ring,
He laid a tax inordinate,
This jolly little king!
Ho, ho, ho, ho! Ha, ha, ha, ha!
This jolly little king!

Such crowds of pretty girls he found
Occasion to admire,
It gave his subjects double ground
For greeting him as Sire!
To shoot for cocoanuts he manned
His army every spring,

But all conscription sternly banned
This jolly little king!
Ho, ho, ho, ho! Ha, ha, ha, ha!
This jolly little king!

He eyed no neighboring domain
With envy or with greed,
And, like a pattern sovereign,
Took Pleasure for his creed!
Yet, it was not, if aright I ween,
Until his life took wing,
His subjects saw that he had been
A jolly little king.
Ho, ho, ho, ho! Ha, ha, ha, ha!
This jolly little king!

This worthy monarch, readers mine,
You even now may see,
Embellishing a tavern-sign
Well known to you and me!
There, when the fete-day bottle flows,
Their bumpers they will bring,
And toast beneath his very nose
This jolly little king.
Ho, ho, ho, ho! Ha, ha, ha, ha!
This jolly little king!

Jasmine Pointe

STAFF USES
THIS SET,

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